

LIFE



Tintoretto's
Life of Christ
20 pages in color

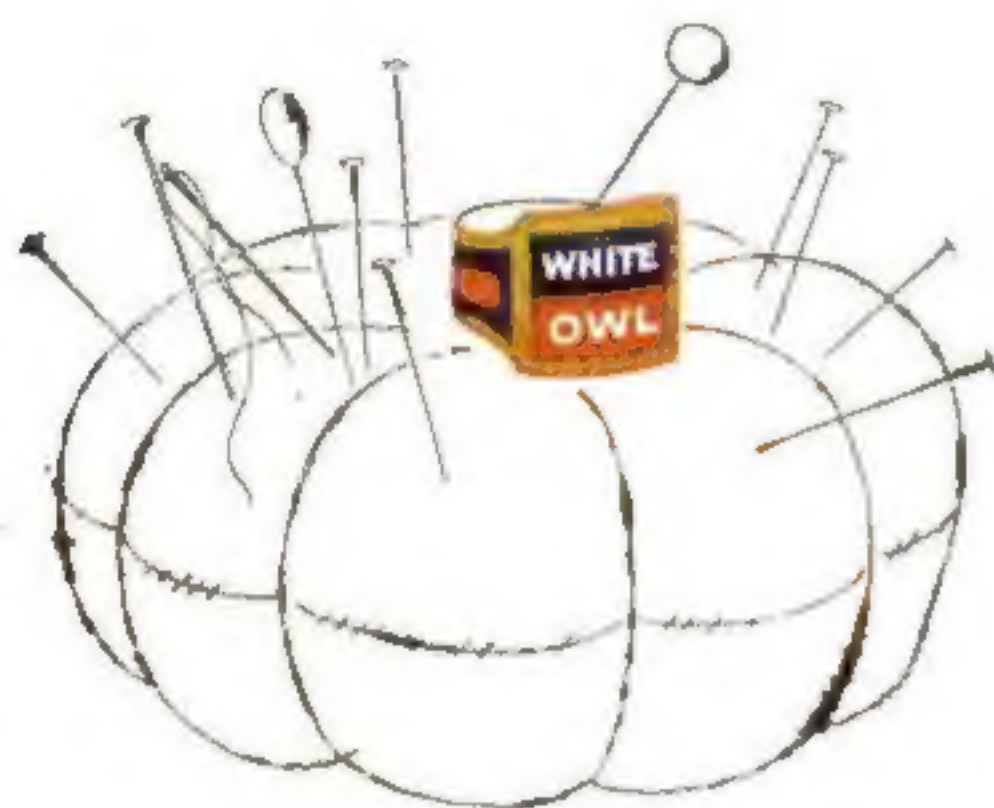
The Holy Family

20 CENTS

DECEMBER 24, 1951

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Somebody's planting
reminders...



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Why there is nothing at Christmas-time like a Willard Tree

THERE WERE a good many places in town where you could buy a Christmas tree. The markets had them and the florists had them and there was a vacant lot down the street where they sold them every year.

But Bob and Mary Travis preferred to drive through the snow to the Willard Nursery up in the country outside of town.

An expert in such matters would probably tell you that the trees sold at the Willard Nursery were no bigger or greener or fuller than the ones sold right around the corner. But to Bob and Mary Travis, Christmas would not be Christmas without a Willard tree.

They would bring it home trailing out of the luggage compartment of the car. And when they set it up in the living-room and started trimming it, they would both say what a lovely tree it was—and agree, as they had so many times before, that there was nothing like a Willard tree.

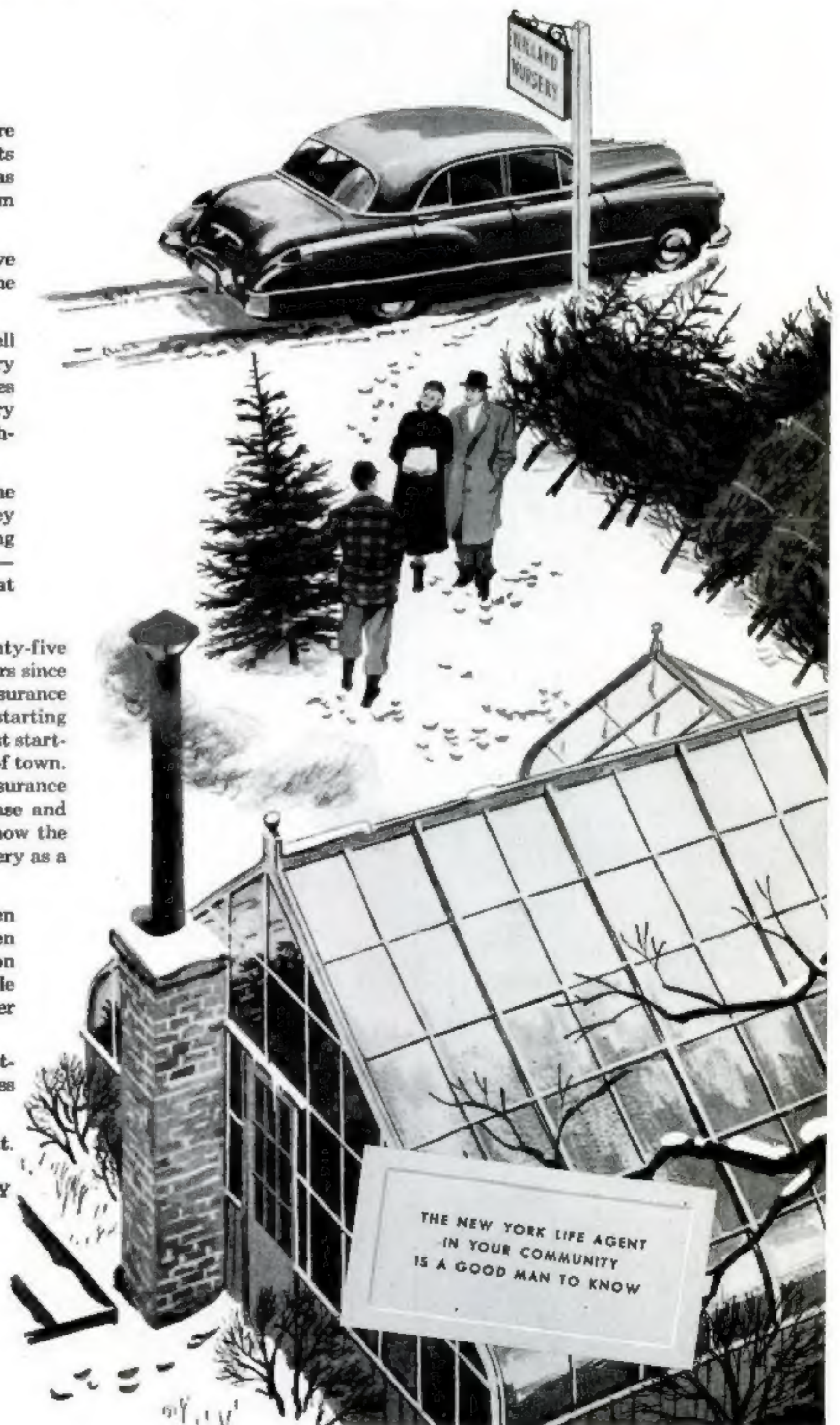
They had said so, now, for over twenty-five years. Because it was over twenty-five years since Bob Travis had sold his very first life insurance policy to Ben Willard. Bob was then just starting in as New York Life agent, and Ben was just starting the nursery up in the country outside of town. Bob had pointed out to him how the insurance might well serve as the foundation for ease and security in the Willards' later years . . . how the Willards might some day look on the nursery as a hobby rather than an occupation.

As time went on, the two men worked out even broader plans. And, as time went on, it had been fun for Bob Travis to see those plans work out on schedule. Now, as a result, the Willards were able to take winter vacations down South. And later on . . .

And that is why you can't always judge a Christmas tree by its size or its shape or the greenness of its boughs.

You have to allow a little bit for sentiment.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



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for greaseless
good grooming,
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*Pityrosporum ovale, which many authorities
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



MRS. CALLEN READS HER MAIL

NURSE MIDWIFE

Sirs:
Your picture story, "Nurse Midwife," by W. Eugene Smith (LIFE, Dec. 3) is one of your great ones.

DONALD DUNCAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
A truly inspired piece of reporting. Eugene Smith has captured without fanfare the quiet compassion of this noble woman.

KATE CONNIT KERN

Burlingame, Calif.

Sirs:
No other photographer ever worked with such tender, loving care as W. Eugene Smith. His "Midwife" is another immortal story.

JOE CLARK

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:
... One of the greatest pieces of photo journalism I have seen in years.

DICK WOLTERS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Enclosed you will find a dollar bill which I hope will be one of 7,000 that you will be asked to forward to Maude Callen for her badly needed clinic...

JAMES S. SCULLY JR.

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:
Returning home, as I thought tired after a week's (37½ hours) work (well paid), plus 28 hours overtime (at time and a half). I ran across your story of Maude Callen. After finishing it, I felt a little mean about my own delusions of weariness and self-pity for my stupendous efforts. By midnight when I retired, I was refreshed in spirit by the heroism and unselfishness of this fine woman, who is so truly her brother's keeper.

I am enclosing a note and a small check from my wife and myself to Mrs. Callen to be used in any way she desires.

T. R. BRAITHWAITE

Boston, Mass.

Sirs:
I suppose you will receive many and more substantial contributions for the clinic Mrs. Callen wishes to build, but will you kindly add this little check with my very great respect for this wonderful woman.

VICKI BAUM

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I have been saving for a new rug, but after I read about Maude Callen the rug no longer seemed important. The enclosed check will not build a clinic, but she will find use for it...

LUCILE HULTQUIST

Bound Brook, N.J.

Sirs:

You have a circulation of over 5,200,000. It occurred to us that if each one put a single cent into an envelope, your Mrs. Maude Callen might have, not the \$7,000 she has "small hope of getting," but an astronomical \$52,000 to further her magnificent endeavor. Here are three pennies representing three avid LIFE readers.

EDITH K. BROWN

Woodmere, N.Y.

Sirs:

You have solved my shopping problems in a way that really defines Christmas. This year each of my family and close friends will get a note explaining Mrs. Callen's work and informing them that a donation has been made to her on their behalf.

L. K. DAGGETT

Anniston, Ala.

Sirs:

I am secretary of the Chi Rho Youth Fellowship of the Ashland Federated Church; our ages are from 11-13. We read about the nurse midwife, and we would like very much to help her. What would you suggest we send her?

LOIS TREMERE

Ashland, Mass.

Sirs:

Maude Callen deserves to have her dream of a well-supplied clinic come true. If 69 persons besides myself would donate \$100 her dream could become a reality. A note from you that 69 others have responded will bring my \$100.

G. B. BEVAN

Frackville, Pa.

● Mail, money and gifts from readers in all 48 states have been pouring in to LIFE and to Maude Callen. So far, she has been sent a total of \$3,689.03 plus a pair of rubber boots, a sewing machine, a portable incubator, a wrist watch and many boxes of clothing. The 100 employees of the Marion McCoy dress company in Los Angeles are donating one day's work to making dresses and pajamas for her patients. The

gifts will be distributed at a community Christmas tree on Dec. 26 at Maude Callen's home in Pineville. Contributions of money or clothing may be sent to Mrs. Maude Callen, Berkeley County Health Center, Moncks Corner, S.C. All money not otherwise earmarked will go toward a clinic. Mrs. Callen is overwhelmed by the response. Halfway through a recent day's mail, she said to her husband: "I'm too tired and happy to read more tonight. I just want to sit here and be thankful."—ED.

IT'S USUALLY RABBIT

Sirs:

Your concise coverage of the fur industry ("It's Usually Rabbit," LIFE, Dec. 3) could not have been more accurate. It is the first clear-cut beneficial publicity given the reputable furrier since the government started foot-balling the excise tax. We as furriers warmly thank you.

DAVID G. TARLOW

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

... The article is a harsh indictment of the fur industry, but it should not hurt the legitimate dealer. I hope it hurts the other kind.

ALFRED MIELZINER

Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

... People lucky enough to own chinchilla may be a bit perturbed to find it classed with rabbit. If I had a mink and a chinchilla coat, I would wear my mink over my chinchilla to keep it clean.

MRS. H. A. FAVERTY

Spearfish, S. Dak.

FATIMA PHOTOGRAPH

Sirs:

Since you devoted a page to a photograph showing the blackened sun ("Vatican Paper Publishes Photo in Proof of Fatima Miracle," LIFE, Dec. 3) which the Vatican paper *L'Osservatore Romano* said was caused "by its very rapid rotation," I feel you should tell your readers something about the Sabatier effect, known more commonly to photographers as "solarization."

I quote from a photography magazine: "Normally we expect to have a white object appear white in a picture, and a black object to appear black—but there are a few interesting processes in which this does not always hold true. ... Strictly speaking, 'solarization' actually means complete reversal due to extreme overexposure. This phenomenon is observed occasionally in making a picture in which the sun appears—not as a white disk in the final print, as we would expect, but as a black one." ...

J. HYYPIA

Glenville, Conn.

CHIMP THAT TALKS

Sirs:

The paintings by Viki the chimp ("Chimp That Can Talk Lives Among Humans," LIFE, Dec. 3) are the best abstract art I have seen. She should have a one-chimp show. She has one great advantage over all the other surrealists—nobody can ask her what her paintings mean.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Calif.

Sirs:

It's a crime the way those psychologists, Dr. and Mrs. Hayes, are trying to pass off their daughter as a chimp. It isn't so important while she's young, but it will leave an indelible mark on her personality in later life. Please print no more of these lies.

SOULIE TURNER

York, Pa.

SOLDIER'S SEQUEL

Sirs:

You might be interested in Cpl. Ronald Ostergard, for LIFE's David Douglas Duncan took his picture ("Christmas in Korea," LIFE, Dec. 25, 1950). He was one of the GIs who reached the Yalu, looked across to Manchuria and was caught behind the lines at the Reservoir. He came home in October, was married in November and had his 20th birthday this month. Here is a snapshot of his wedding. He is now at Fort Jackson, S.C. teaching techniques of combat warfare. Corporal Ostergard did not own up to LIFE's picture until he came home. He did not want to worry his folks when he thought he would never see home again. He thought it a horrible picture of him, but this is no offense to Mr. Duncan. I think he will be more surprised to see it on your Christmas gift announcement card than when he first saw it in LIFE.

BARBARA ANN EASTERBROOKS
Swampscott, Mass.



KOREAN CHRISTMAS



NOVEMBER WEDDING

TOYS

Sirs:

The Carnegie Institute of Technology may know its toys ("Best Toys to Give the Younger Child," LIFE, Dec. 3), but it certainly doesn't know its animals. The animal called a guinea pig is really a Syrian golden hamster.

STEPHEN LEE TALLER

Oberlin, Ohio

● Carnegie Tech meant to show a guinea pig but an attendant reached into the wrong cage and came up with a hamster.—ED.

PLAYFUL PLATES

Sirs:

There are quite a few initial plates in Connecticut ("Playful Plates," LIFE, Dec. 3), but I'll bet mine arouse more comment than any others. . . .

SELWYN MILES

Wethersfield, Conn.



MORE FUN IN CONN.

FAST FEEDER

Sirs:

Your pictures on President Truman's table manners ("Fast Feeder," LIFE, Dec. 3) are more impolite than you imply him to be. A man's right of privacy certainly extends to meal-taking, and I deplore the needless "snooping" with which you filled a valuable page in your otherwise sensible magazine.

ALEXANDER FLANDREAU

Noroton Heights, Conn.

LETTERS FROM KOREA

Sirs:

Never have I read a more interesting article than "I Saw the Bullet That Hit Me" (LIFE, Dec. 3). The fact that these letters were not flowered to create a feeling of security on the Korean battlefield makes them small masterpieces.

PVT. OWEN J. CAFFEY

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Sirs:

On June 2 a helicopter evacuated me from "H" Company—Lieut. Harper's outfit—and 10 months of the Korean war. After a short hospitalization in Japan I returned to the U.S. Lieut. Harper's letters not only represented a personal communication with my former outfit, but their erudite description of war brings back, with vivid impact, the "facts" of war and its existence. The explosive message jolted me from a complacent attitude recently acquired in the environment of a complacent citizenry.

1ST LIEUT. C. R. STILES, USMC
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

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Bromo-Seltzer

fights headache
all 3 ways

This One



3ER5-H6Y-BKYW



THERE ARE SIX—COUNT THEM, SIX—IBEXES IN THIS PICTURE, CAMOUFLAGED AS THEY CLAMBER UP A SHEER MOUNTAIN CLIFF



THE MALE IBEX IS DISTINGUISHED BY HIS MASSIVE RIDGED HORNS AND HIS GOATEE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... Agile ibexes lead a high-wire life in the Alps

High in the Bavarian Alps near Berchtesgaden, the misty silence is occasionally broken by the sound of hooves clattering across the craggy rocks and along the dizzy cliffs. The sound is made by Alpine ibexes, nearly extinct wild goats with sweeping 4-foot horns and the surest feet in the world. Protected from hunters in three game preserves, the ibex roams the rocks by day,

descending only at night to graze on shrubs and grasses in the high woods. Because of its rough, steel-hard hooves and powerful muscles, the agile ibex runs easily where other animals would scarcely find a foothold. Photographers Otto Faerber and Sepp Keller made several expeditions before they were able to get these remarkable pictures of the high-wire life of the ibex.

SEQUENCE SHOWS HOW IBEX RUNS, TURNS, JUMPS, BUT NEVER SLIPS →



About Next Week's Issue



IF you will take a pencil, place its point upon Jerusalem and draw a line roughly northeastward to Sakhalin, thence due south to the Cape York Peninsula of Australia and then back to Jerusalem, you will have enclosed a region which:

- 1) saw the genesis of civilized man;
- 2) supports, not very well, more than half the world's population;
- 3) is the homeland of all the great religions;
- 4) is the seat of the world's oldest cultures;
- 5) contains earth's highest (Everest—29,002) and lowest (Dead Sea—1,286 feet below sea level), one of its driest (Arabian Desert) and one of its wettest spots (a village in Assam);
- 6) and which, most importantly, may hold the true balance of power during the next 50 years between the forces of freedom and those of subjugation."

With this introduction, LIFE's Special Project Editor Phil Wootton proposed last summer the special issue on Asia which LIFE's readers will receive next week.

Of all the special issues LIFE has published in recent years this one probably had the best head start. Photographer Dmitri Kessel had already taken a superb set of color pictures on the fabulous city of Bangkok. David Douglas Duncan was back in Japan photographing the art and architecture of that country. Editor Wootton had lived in the Orient for close to 10 years. The task force he assembled for this vast project included Associate Editor Bill Gray, former head of LIFE's China bureau, Mary Cadwalader, who had gone to Asia with the Red Cross right after V-J Day, Dean Brelis, just back from Bangkok, plus all of LIFE's

bureau heads, correspondents and photographers in the Pacific.

To set the geographical scene for the issue, the editors commissioned Richard Edes Harrison and James Lewicki to draw some new maps of Asia. One gives the Russian-eye view of Asia. Others describe the continent's peoples and their great migrations. To give historical perspective to the issue LIFE photographed the famous 33-foot scroll painting *Spring Festival on the Yellow River* which shows the gracious life and times of ancient China.

The biggest job that faced the editors, however, was not concerned with geography or history or art but with the problems and opportunities in the Orient today. There were some difficult, important questions to answer: What are the peoples of Asia really like? How do they think and feel about each other and about us? And why?

To try to get the answers to these questions in a way that would give LIFE's readers a real background for today's confusing news from Asia, the special task force set off on a large variety of assignments. Some twenty photographers and reporters ranged from Beirut to Tokyo, assembling pictures of everything from Moslems at their age-old ritualistic worship to Hindu workers on a modern auto assembly line.

Thirty pages of color have already gone to press; pictures and cables are still coming in; and what the final table of contents will be is still anybody's guess. But it is the hope of the editors that when this special issue appears next week it will be a memorable and timely documentation of a fascinating major segment of our globe which—for far too long—has remained comparatively unknown to the Western world.

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CONTENTS

THE WEEKS' EVENTS

THE BEST PRESENT: A FAMILY.....	8
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY GEORGE SILK AND LISA LARSEN	
BISHOP WALKS BEFORE A TEMPORAL BACKDROP.....	16
SYNAGOGUE BOMBING FRIGHTENS MIAMI.....	16
NEW PLANT PROVIDES MORE METAL FOR WINGS.....	16
HOLLYWOOD CAMERAS FOCUS ON TRAGEDY.....	17
THE PRESIDENT REACTS TO SCANDALS.....	17
SNOW BRINGS WOE: ALL STOP AND NO GO.....	18
AS PROPHESED, DOOM EXPLODES FROM HIROKHIKOK.....	26
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MICHAEL ROUGIER	

EDITORIAL

THE RELIGION HE FOUNDED.....	20
------------------------------	----

PICTORIAL ESSAY

TINTORETTO'S STORY OF CHRIST.....	30
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DMITRI KESSEL	

ARTICLE

THE PLIGHT OF THE HOLY PLACES, by EVELYN WAUGH.....	58
---	----

THEATER

BAD LITTLE GOOD GIRL.....	61
---------------------------	----

MUSIC

THE PHILHARMONIC'S 5,000th.....	67
---------------------------------	----

MODERN LIVING

HOW TO WRAP ODD-SHAPED PRESENTS.....	66
--------------------------------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.....	2
SPEAKING OF PICTURES: AGILE IBEXES LEAD A HIGH-WIRE.....	4
LIFE IN THE ALPS.....	4
LIFE TOURS THE CHILDREN'S TV SHOWS.....	68

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LIFE'S COVER

The members of the Holy Family on LIFE's cover were painted almost 400 years ago by one of the greatest of Venetian artists, Tintoretto. They are shown in a detail from the *Nativity*, a huge mural measuring 14 by 18 feet, which is one of some 60 paintings created by Tintoretto to adorn the walls of the School of San Rocco in Venice. The most famous of these murals, depicting scenes from the life of Christ, were photographed for LIFE by Dmitri Kessel and are reproduced in color on pages 30-49 as a special Christmas gift to LIFE's readers.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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- 18—DICK STACKS FOR THE SUN PAPERS—CLARENCE B. GARRETT FOR THE SUN PAPERS
- 19—NEWARK NEWS—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
- 20—21—MICHAEL ROUGIER FOR THE SUN PAPERS AND ANTHONY SODARO
- 22—MICHAEL ROUGIER

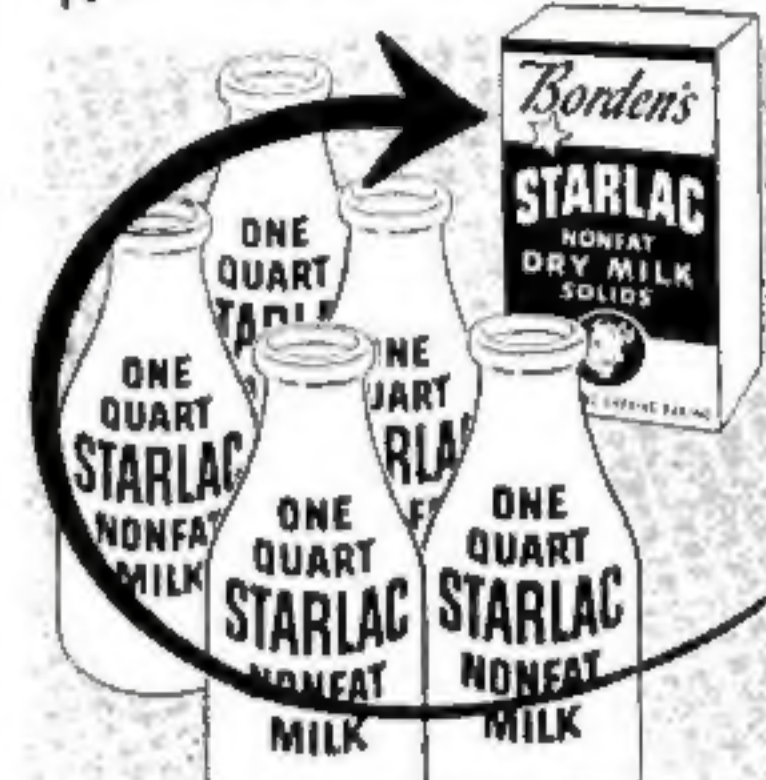
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- 27—G. JON MELL—SECOND FROM LT. CULVER, LOTTE JACOB, DR. ERICH SALOMON, CULVER, POWELL KREVEGER FOR MINNEAPOLIS DAILY TIMES
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- 41—ESTHER BUBLEY
- 42, 43—ESTHER BUBLEY, COURTESY NBC—ESTHER BUBLEY, GORDON COSTER

ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; T., TOP; A.P., ASSOCIATED PRESS. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE REPRODUCTION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES HEREIN ORIGINATED OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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for as low as 40¢*

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COOKING, WHIPPING!

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GOODYEAR
DRY-PROOF
DOUBLE EAGLE BATTERY

Double Eagle—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

MERRY CHRISTMAS



THE BEST PRESENT: A FAMILY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE
BY GEORGE SILK AND LISA LARSEN

Christmas of 1951 looked much as had the other good Christmases the U.S. has enjoyed. From New York's Rockefeller Center to San Francisco's Market Street lights glowed cheerfully and tinsel scintillated; department store Santas' knees grew childworn and clerks' fingers trembled with the fatigue of showing and selling so many presents; carols rang and eggnog flowed, trees were raised and trimmed. The peripatetic and sentimental U.S. public began to pack train and plane and bus in fulfillment of the traditional rite of going home to be with the rest of the family at Christmas.

But for hundreds of thousands of families and their more perceptive fellow citizens this was not one of the good Christmases. Sons and husbands would not be home for the holiday but instead would spend it in service in other countries, or at battle stations in Korea. For them Christmas reunion with the rest of the family would have to wait at least one more year. Not to all, but at least to some of the U.S. people, 1951 was as much a war Christmas as that of 1941, which came 18 days after the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, or of 1944, when the supposedly beaten Nazi broke through the Bulge, or last year's, marked as it was by shattering retreat in Korea.

Among this subdued group of Americans, there were some poignant family gatherings. In California the Pacific Fleet Air Force, by spending \$600 for film, made sound movies of some 1,300 families of men serving in Korean waters (*left and following pages*). These heart-tugging glimpses of home would be shown at sea Christmas day. And the Army similarly speeded up the shipping of more than 1,000 wives and children to their husbands and fathers stationed in Europe (*right and pp. 12-15*) so that these at least could be together on Christmas.



← **BEFORE THE CAMERA** in San Diego step Dennis, 2, and Ronald Long, 4, to greet a faraway dad.

BOUND FOR GERMANY with an assist from a friendly sailor, the small daughter of an American

soldier comes aboard the U.S. transport *Washington* shortly before it sailed from a Brooklyn, N.Y. pier.



NAVY MOVIE-MAKING was done with the encouragement of a clown, Chief Photographer's Mate C. C. Pitts, who helped children with stunts. Here

Karen Stewart, 4, somersaults for her father, Lieut. Hal B. Stewart. Said Mrs. Stewart afterward, "I love being a Navy wife—if the Navy'd just stay home."



TWIN NEPHEWS, Rusty and Randy Livermore, greeted their uncle, Essex airman Bill Livermore, in Confederate army caps sent them by one grand-

mother in South Carolina. The other grandmother, who is also the mother of Bill, watched proudly (*right, rear*). At left is their mother, Mrs. Aubrey Livermore.



TREMULOUS SMILE is managed by Olga Meckler (*right*), dental technician's wife, after she began, "Chuck, mama loves you," and then broke down.



THE LORD'S PRAYER, which they learned in Sunday school, was solemnly recited by Terrie and Bruce Livingstone and (*center*) their cousin Ronald



SIR BUCKINGHAM BURP, their spaniel, was brought by Mrs. Robert Moran, who told her husband, "I'm healthy and happy—and I roke as usual."



DANCING SKILL was exhibited by Gloria Jean, 5, and Julie, 2, for their father, Chief Boilerman H. L. Allen, absent from home for a second Christmas.



Keith, for their father and uncle. Aerial Photographer John L. Livingstone of the *Essex*. Listening to them are their mothers, Mrs. Lois Livingstone

(right), Mrs. Mary Keith and (left) Mrs. Jay Skidmore, a friend whose Navy cameraman husband took the pictures during the three weeks of shooting.

TEARS dissolved 5-year-old Tommy Hedley's song for his dad. Trying to comfort him, his mother began to weep herself but finally managed a bright smile.



ON A CALM DAY 17-YEAR-OLD JILL STROHN WALKS BABY SISTER JANINE

OPERATION DIAPER

Army wives sail to husbands—and bring the kids

For the Navy wives the picture-taking had been an emotional strain; it brought them no closer to their men across the Pacific. But for the Army wives who sailed this month to join their husbands across the Atlantic, the strain was mostly physical. There were 411 of them, and they were traveling with a howling mob of 626 children. The Army had done the best it could. As a part of its continuing program to reunite service families in Europe, it had brought a Christmas cargo to New York in Pullmans, put them up in hotels and then loaded them aboard the transport SS *Washington*. There were special formulas for 18 of the babies, Bingo at \$1 a card, movies twice daily and a ship's store which did a \$1,000-a-day business in everything from mouthwash to watches. But there were too many children to watch. Even the A deck staterooms were jammed with beds. For the most part the mothers spent the eight-day trip changing diapers, coping with sick children—at least half of them were hit by a 24-hour virus—and sleeping when they could. But every one of them thought that a reunion in Europe was well worth the civilized hazards of the sea.



BOAT DRILLS, held on several occasions, were complicated by necessity of banding babies up the ladders.



MOP DRILLS occurred often because small passengers like Danny Houser were beset by sea sickness.

IMPROMPTU PLAYROOM was set up in what once was the ship's cocktail lounge and included a 20-foot-square plastic mat on which the youngsters could fight or stretch out. The chaplain also held a daily story hour here for children. →





CANASTA GAME in playroom occupied some of the elder children who were more enthusiastic about cards than were the busy and worn-out mothers. Here Sara Eads, 8, registers acute dismay at the big winnings of Shane Cornell (left).



CONFEDERATE FLAG, by now a familiar part of the U.S. scene, is taken to Europe by teen-age boys. Since their mothers were quartered elsewhere, teen-age youngsters staged many nocturnal pillow fights, disarranged each other's calms.



A PATIENT OFFICER, Lieut. Commander Talmadge A. Smyth, in charge of passengers, conducted tours of the ship daily, told jokes, explained how bunks were worked, described the battle of Iutland and advised on debarkation problems.

THE HAWKINS CHILDREN ENJOY THE TRIP A LOT MORE THAN MOTHER



ONE FAMILY'S VOYAGE was almost unbearably lively. Mrs. Peggy Hawkins, en route to Frankfurt, shared a C deck cabin with her 7-month-old twin



daughters, her sons, Jimmy, 6, and Phil, 4, and another mother with three children. The cabin was small and its single table was quickly cluttered with



baby equipment (second picture). The boys soon made things worse by poking at the twins in the cribs and splashing water out of two-family bath (right).



LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, Jimmy and Phil soon began haunting the ship's corridors. They tested the drinking fountain by washing off their lollipops,



decided the passageway railing made a fine horizontal bar and made up a new game of throwing sand from the ship's cigaret urns (third picture). But this



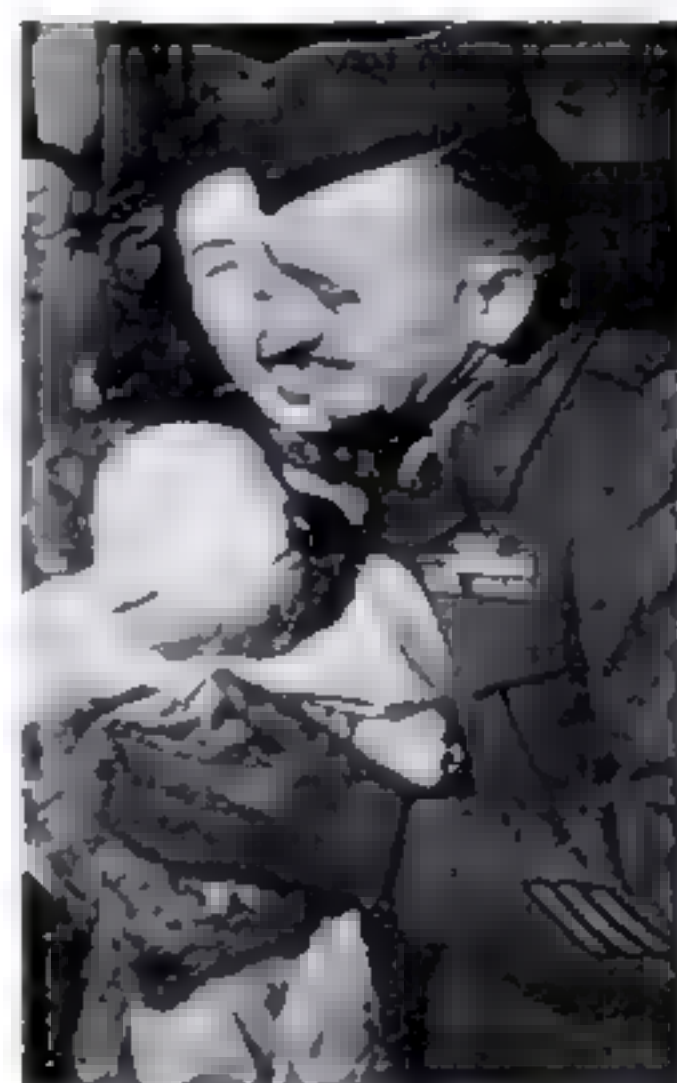
soon caught the attention of one of the stewards. He got them a broom, made them sweep up all the mess and put the broom back in the storeroom again.



AS JOURNEY ENDS the boys (left) are finally still for a minute. Mrs. Hawkins tied Phil to keep him out of the halls; then Jimmy insisted she tie him



up too. When they docked at Bremerhaven, Lieutenant Rodgers, the recreation officer, carried the twins ashore. The family went to Bonames, near

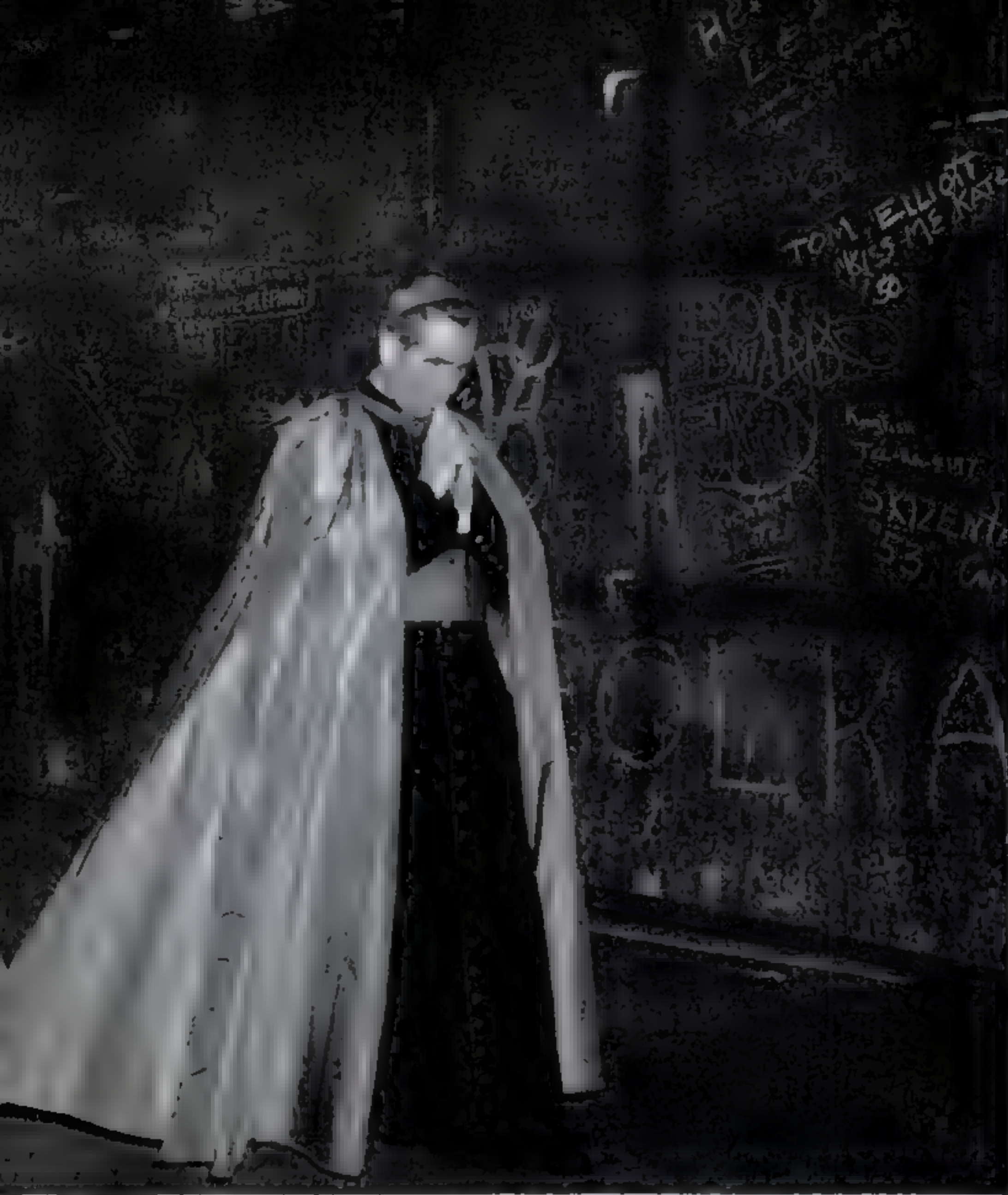


Frankfurt, where they were met by Sgt. Henry Hawkins who took them home and, for the first time in six months, happily dandled a daughter on his knee.





IN THEIR NEW HOME JIMMY AND PHIL
COULD BE MISTAKEN FOR CHERUBS
AS THEY SURVEY THEIR PRESENTS



BISHOP'S BACKDROP Fulton J. Sheen, the Catholic Church's most eloquent American spokesman, in Cleveland to deliver a religious

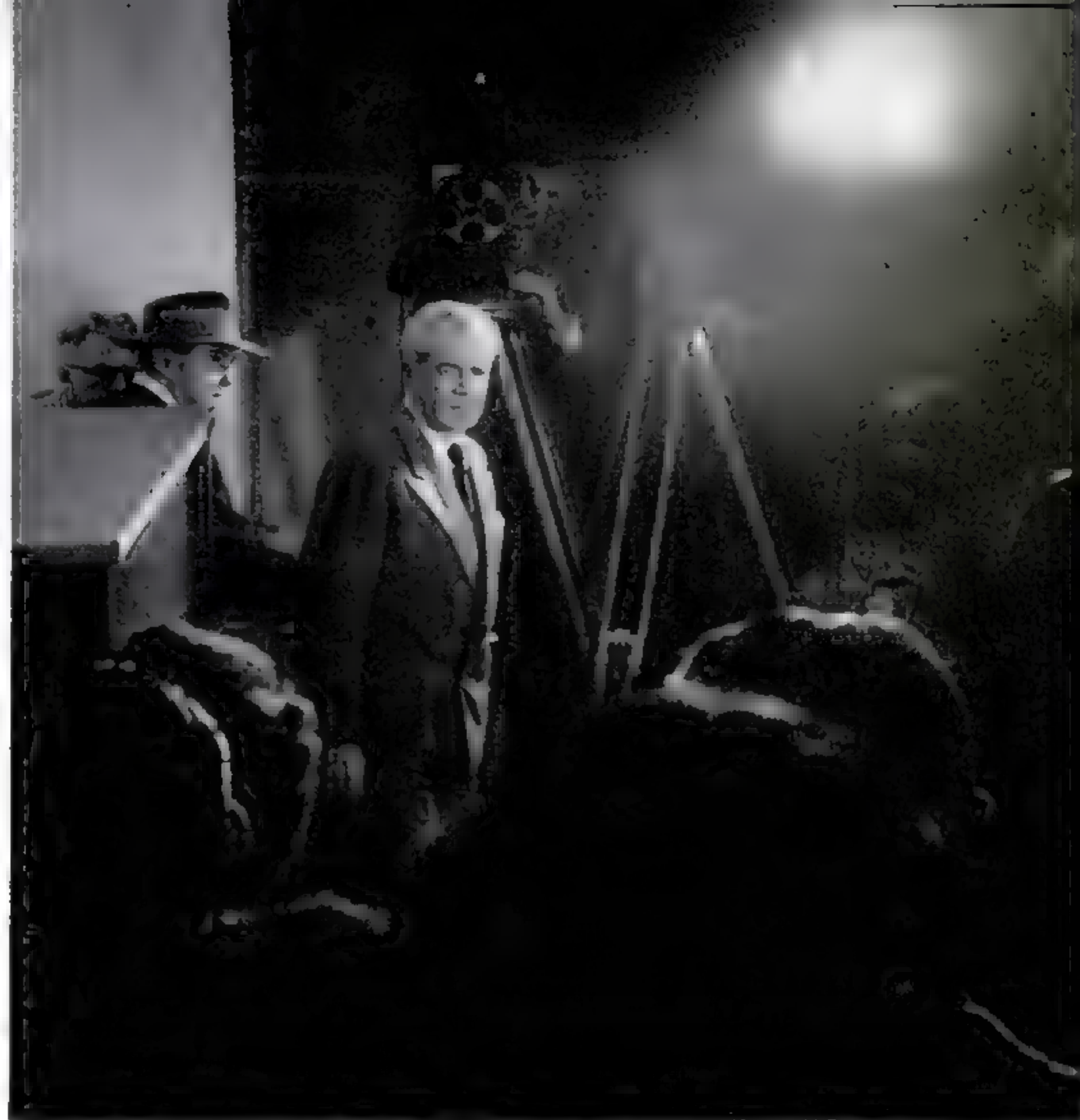
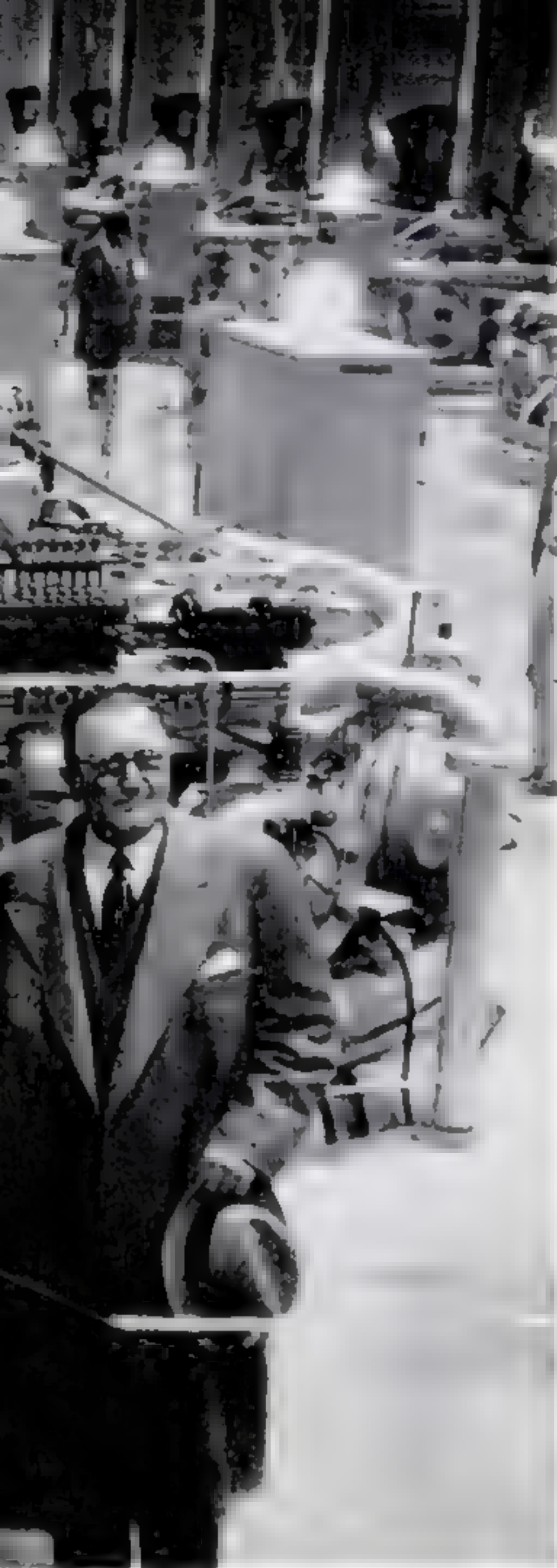
lecture at the Music Hall, was seen by a photographer walking in meditation past the scrawls of a more frivolous breed of men—entertainers who have appeared at the hall in years past.



METAL FOR WINGS In New Orleans Henry Kaiser (pointing) proudly showed Defense Mobilizer C. E. Wilson through his new Chalmette aluminum plant, started 10 months ago and already in production. When finished in 1953, Chalmette will be the nation's biggest, turning out 400 million pounds of the vital aircraft metal a year. By that time U.S. production of aluminum will be 12 times what it was in 1939.



BOMBS IN MIAMI A stick of dynamite thrown by unknown hoodlums broke windows donated by pious Jews to a Miami synagogue. It was one of a series of outrage, which are apparently part of a pattern and have damaged Jewish institutions and a Negro housing development. Repeated blasts have set up such tension that a Miami police switchboard was swamped with hysterical calls when a firecracker was thrown from a car.



FOCUS ON TRAGEDY Walter Wanger, once a mighty man in Hollywood but now fighting bankruptcy, invoked the "Unwritten Law" at 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, Dec. 13 in a Beverly Hills parking lot. His wife, Joan Bennett, had just driven up in a Cadillac convertible with another man. Wanger shot the man in the groin and right thigh. Joan said the man, Jennings Lang, her agent, was seeing her about business.

Wanger's subsequent dealings with the law had the dramatic flavor of one of his own productions. He was escorted (above) from a cell to the police desk by a popping of flashbulbs and whirring of newsreel cameras which pictorially recalled Gloria Swanson's exit in *Sunset Boulevard*. And his life in the cell, before he got out on \$5,000 bail, was refreshed by platters of food from Romanoff's restaurant, served under the direction of the self-styled prince himself.



McGRATH GREETs PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON



CORRUPTION COMMITTEE HEARS A NEW DENIAL



PRESS GREETs JUDGE MURPHY IN WASHINGTON

REACTION TO SCANDALS In the sleepy town of Key West a rested President last week boarded an airplane; a few hours later he stepped off in Washington, a beleaguered politician. One of the first men to greet him was the harassed Attorney General, Howard McGrath, who had stoutly proclaimed the innocence of his tax prosecutors. Meanwhile the King subcommittee heard new witnesses protest their purity—a contention

that produced understandably bored expressions on the faces of Chairman King and Representative Kean (above, center). Thursday a defiant President met the press, declared corruption was not unusual or new and he would soon take not just drastic action but continued drastic action against wrongdoers. Added Mr. Truman, "Wrongdoers have no house with me." At week's end Mr. Truman summoned Federal Judge Tom Murphy, prosecutor of Alger Hiss, to discuss winter housecleaning problems.



AT THE PEAK OF THE AFTERNOON RUSH HOUR THE UNEXPECTED SNOWSTORM KEEPS HOMEWARD-BOUND TRAFFIC MOTIONLESS ON SLIPPERY CALVERT STREET



SNOW BRINGS WOE:

Winter's first big storm gives

The month of December, after one of the warmest beginnings in its weather history, struck with a real winter vengeance. Last weekend a heavy snowstorm roared into the Midwest from Canada and within hours had spread over the entire Northeast. In Chicago pedestrians battled a blizzard gale. Smothered in a white, slippery blanket ranging from three to six inches deep, Newark, Washington, Philadelphia and scores of other seaboard cities suffered some of

TARDY PRECAUTION is taken by a Baltimore motorist who attaches ski chains just in case stalled and charless cars ahead could get moving again.



"LOOKS JUST LIKE A BIG PARKING LOT" WAS THE WAY A HARASSED POLICEMAN DESCRIBED ENORMOUS JAM OF AUTOMOBILES ON SLIPPERY BROAD STREET

ALL STOP AND NO GO

roads a bumper-to-bumper look

their worst traffic jams in history. In Baltimore bumper-locked traffic came to a stand-still for five hours and in New York's Port Authority Terminal 25,000 people were stranded as they waited for buses to ice-bound New Jersey. Along highways between the snowbound cities hundreds of cars were abandoned. The next day, with more cold weather on the way, accessory dealers reported a 300% jump in sales of the winter driver's best friend, chains (*opposite page*).

WINTER'S WIND almost upsets walkers at corner of Adams and Michigan in Chicago, where snow eventually reached a depth of more than 10 inches.



THE RELIGION HE FOUNDED

SINCE JESUS WAS BORN, MANKIND HAS HAD A COMPLETE ARGUMENT AGAINST ANXIETY

A judge in Iowa upset a will last month because it required a definition of "the fundamental principles of the Christian religion," something even Christians (he said) cannot agree on. What follows is *not* an attempt to retry that case or to tell Christians what they believe. But behind the familiar jealousies of the sects, and in the face of the world schism with Communism, men of all faiths are newly concerned and curious about religion in general and their own in particular. So this Christmas there is a double reason for exploring a few of the salient characteristics of the Christian religion. Some it shares with other religions, some are unique.

All religions relate man to the supernatural, and therefore contain a mystery inaccessible to unassisted reason. The central mystery of Christianity is perhaps the simplest version of this relation, but it requires a very strong will to believe. For this reason the whole story was "foolishness" to the clever Greeks. But once this hurdle of belief is passed, Christianity not only satisfies but excites the subtlest and most vigorous intellects. "Lowly as you approach, sublime as you advance, and veiled in mysteries," said St. Augustine of the Scriptures. Once inside, the mind and soul are in the presence of infinite recesses, windows and sky.

The Christian religion is kept alive by the fresh discovery of its mystery by individuals of every age. The astonishing thing is the unchanging sameness of what they discover. For the last 150 years, for example, the Gospels have been subjected to "the higher criticism"—close textual and historical analysis, friendly and unfriendly, of all sources of information (some of them recently discovered) about Jesus. The results of all this work are being included in a wonderful new 12-volume Bible, *The Interpreter's Bible*, of which one volume (Matthew and Mark) was published this year. Its scholarly commentaries afford all kinds of aids to one's historical imagination, making the Holy Land of Jesus' time seem at once clearer, closer and more remote. (In the latest Revised Standard translation included in this Bible, you meet no "publicans"; they are "tax collectors.") Yet as far as the essential Jesus and His message are concerned, all this scholarship neither adds nor subtracts a jot. Believers can rejoice in new insights; doubters will still doubt, as did some who saw and heard Jesus in the flesh. As Historian Herbert Butterfield says, "The essential question is not one of scholarship at all. . . . It represents our decision about the whole universe and our relation to it."

Those who decide for Christianity find it the source of more light on the whole human situation, past, present and future, than they can possibly exhaust in a lifetime. But it is an agonizing light. It shows mankind "stretched between earth and heaven," committed to both, at rest in neither.

This is the first price of the Christian's enlightenment. He carries the burden of impossible injunctions, such as the Sermon on the Mount, into situations where they do not fit and yet must not be forgotten, such as Korea. Subject to the precise commandments that Jesus came to fulfill, the Christian is constantly reminded that Jesus also came to simplify the commandments and place a greater burden on man's freer conscience. Knowing that human nature is of all God's works the least trustworthy,

that it is scarcely able to sustain political freedom, he knows also that it is infinitely precious to God and with His help capable of goodness and greatness.

But the strain on the Christian is even more than this; for his religion is deeply involved with the particular burden of Americans today: the burden of history. Unlike Hinduism, for example, Christianity rests on events in time. The climax of these events was Jesus' death (probably in 30 A.D.) and the two days following. The veil of the temple, separating man and God, was rent. God revealed his historical dimension.

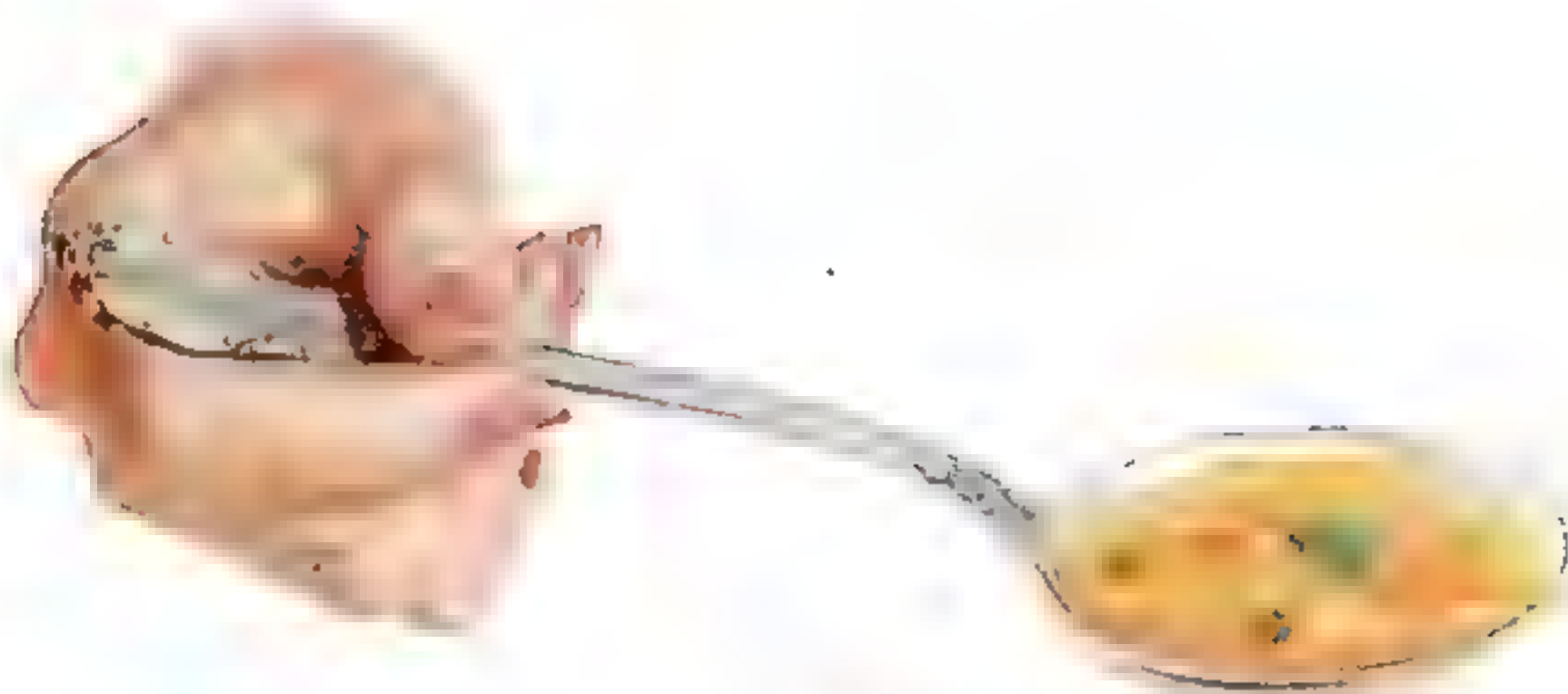
The Christian is therefore infinitely responsible, not only for his own sins and opportunities, but for whatever influence he has on the whole story of man. That is why the Christian churches and the most characteristic Christian saints have been so involved in the work of the world. They must try to apprehend God's constant relation to events, for they believe He is no absentee director. The Christian statesman cannot help seeking divine guidance for his acts and feeling himself to be in some sense God's instrument. The people of a Christian democracy cannot ignore the same thought. Yet this duty carries no guarantee against failure. Wars fought in Christ's name have had very unchristian consequences. So has cowardice under the same plea.

By its nature Christianity is a universal religion. But history has made it more or less a Western religion. So Asians consider it, even when they doubt (perhaps with more reason) that the West is really Christian. What then is the true relation, if any, between the cause of Christianity and the cause of Western civilization? Americans are now in the presence of that question. Perhaps its answer is this: there is a relation, but those who make it an identity fall into the cardinal Christian sin of pride.

The other unforgivable Christian sin is the reverse of pride—despair. For, with the infinite responsibility it imposes, the Christian religion also offers infinite hope.

Ours is called the Age of Anxiety, "when [says W. H. Auden] the historical process breaks down . . . when necessity is associated with horror and freedom with boredom. . . ." Anxiety is the apprehension of futility, and its clearest foe was Jesus. "And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life?" For the Christian, anxiety—for himself or for "the historical process"—is unnecessary. He has the ultimate certainty. Christians know what W. E. Hocking says all men need to know: that "what they have done to the least and in the least corner of the unsurveyable swirl of world happening, they have done to the Highest."

According to St. Luke, the first words spoken when Christ was born in Bethlehem were the angel's: "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Of all events of the Christian year, Christmas is the best argument against any kind of anxiety. At this season Jesus is a baby, thoughtless of the Cross, unaware of the infinite complexities He would face in His earthly mission of translating God to man. He bears only the simple essence of His message, which is also the final essence of the Christian religion: love. The joy that Christians find in loving God, family, neighbors, mankind, comes from the certainty that God loves all men and will be with us always, "even unto the end of the world." This is the season for taking fresh joy in that certainty.



Enjoy a Taste of Summer

How deeply satisfying it is, on a winter's day, to sit down to a plate of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. This "garden in a bowl", steaming and fragrant, goes straight to your heart—warms and cheers and delights you. And no wonder! For its 14 different vegetables are mingled in a sturdy beef stock.

Folks welcome this hearty, substantial vegetable soup—at lunch, at supper. Children cheer it and mothers are glad, for they know it's "almost a meal in itself". You'll find it pays to have it *always* on your soup shelf—*often* on your table.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Almost a Meal in Itself—

Luscious garden veg'tables,
Join with a beef stock fine
To make this soup a fav'rite
With folks like yours and mine!

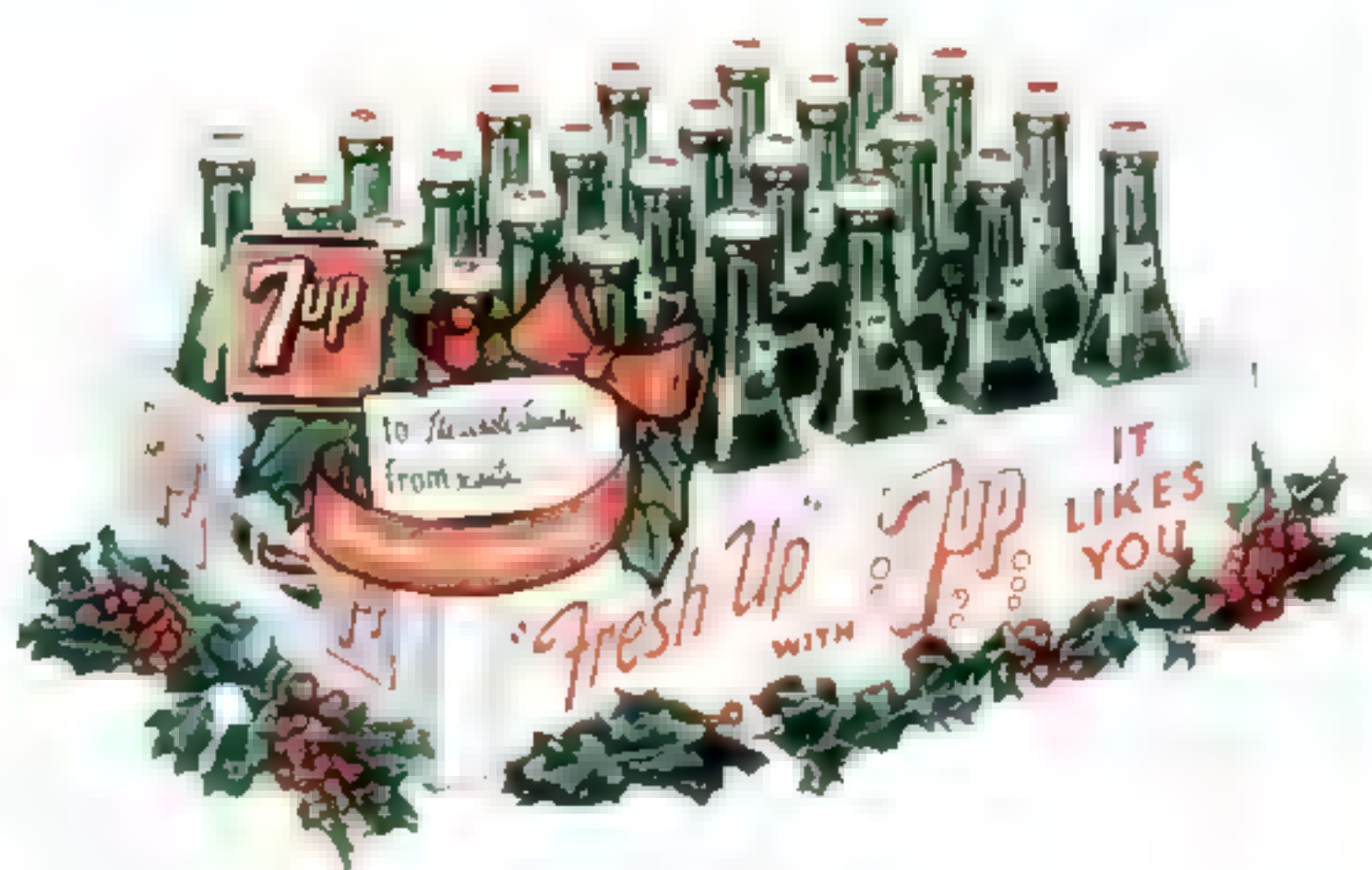


*Merry Christmas
to all*

From
The **All-Family**
Drink!

*So pure... So good... So wholesome
for everyone...
including the tiniest tots!*

You like it... it likes you!



**BUY IT BY THE CASE
FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS!**





Original Colonial Rum Eggnog America's original eggnog—a supremely delicious drink—was first made with rum. Today it is at its incomparable best *only* when made with rum. Here you see it in all its authentic glory, at the famous Old Drovers Inn, Dover Plains, N. Y. The festive board shown above is much the same as it was in pre-Revolutionary days, when powdered wigwigs, traveling by stagecoach from New York, stopped off at the inn for a holiday feast. The eggnog bowl, mindfully, was once owned

by William Henry Harrison, 9th U. S. President. Here's the inn's secret for this bowlful of its cozy, generous staves' recipe: 2 1/2 cups Puerto Rican Rum (white and 1 part blue), 2 1/2 cups whole eggs, heavy cream, 2 pounds sugar, 1 nutmeg. Dissolve sugar in rum in large pot. Beat eggs to heat to 110, then add to rum and sugar mixture. Chill in refrigerator 3 hours. Beat cream in another bowl to stiff consistency, and add egg-rum-sugar mixture, beating constantly. Pour into punch bowl, place in refrigerator for 2 hours. Return to room temperature over 12 hours.



Rum drinks are holiday features at historic Fraunces Tavern restaurant in New York.



AMERICA'S HOLIDAY SPIRIT FOR 250 YEARS

Colonial drink recipes—made today with light, dry Puerto Rican Rums—are more delicious than ever

Long before George Washington ever felled a cherry tree, long before Paul Revere ever mounted a horse, rum was America's traditional drink. In early Colonial homes rum eggnog was as much a part of the Christmas scene as holly and plum pudding. And in the cheerful taverns, when the clocks struck midnight on December 31, many a rum-filled tankard was lifted in toast to the New Year.

Our Colonial forefathers fancied a variety of rum drinks. Some have long since gone into the discard. (Example: "Calibogus," a doubtful marriage of rum and beer.) But many others, like Rum Eggnog, Tom & Jerry, Hot Buttered Rum, Rum Flip, Rum Sour, Rum Toddy and the Rum Highball, have survived through the centuries as most delightful drinks. Actually, these drinks are far more delicious today than in Colonial times. For now they can be made with the great Rums of Puerto Rico—remarkably light, dry, mild-flavored.

Among the superb rums made in Puerto Rico are Ronrico, Don Q, Carioca, Maraca, Merito, Riondo, Christopher Columbus, Boca Chica. You can get free folders with recipes for dozens of wonderful rum drinks and rum food dishes—both Colonial and modern—and free "Rumster" party kits, at your favorite liquor store, or by writing to:

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



Bird & Bottle Inn, Garrison, N. Y., founded in 1761, served rum to soldiers of Washington's army. Inn's recipe for Tom & Jerry: Mix yolk of 1 egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (gold), ¼ tsp. allspice. Add beaten egg white. Pour into pre-heated mug, fill to the brim with boiling water, sprinkle with nutmeg.



America's Oldest Hotel is Beekman Arms, established in Rhinebeck, N. Y., in 1700. Once host to Revolutionary generals, it has featured Rum Sours for over 200 years. Recipe: juice ½ lemon, ½ tsp. sugar, 1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum (gold). Shake with ice, strain into chilled glass. Garnish with cherry, slice of orange.



Lafayette Slept Here—Publick House in Sturbridge, Mass., (1771) features Rum Punch during the holidays. Recipe: 6 oz. pineapple juice, 10 oz. each lime and orange juice, 1¼ fifth Puerto Rican Rum (gold), 1¼ qts. ginger ale or soda. Pour over block of ice, stir. Add strawberries, slices of lemon and lime.



Four Colonial Rum Drinks are illustrated above in authentic 18th Century drinking vessels, including a leather-and-silver "Blackjack" (top), oldest of American-designed mugs. Recipes for these time-honored drinks with Puerto Rican Rum (white or gold label): **1. Highball:** 1¼-2 ounces of rum, plus ice, water or soda. **2. Toddy:** Stir 1 tsp. sugar, 1½ oz. rum. Add clove-studded lemon slice, 4 oz. boiling water, cinnamon stick. **3. Hot Buttered Rum:** Combine 1 tsp. brown sugar, 2 cloves, ¼ tsp. allspice, 2 oz. rum. Add half pat butter, and then fill mug or glass with boiling water; cinnamon stick. **4. Flip:** 1 whole egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 oz. of rum. Shake well with ice, strain and top with grated nutmeg.



VALLEYS OF ASHES spread from smoke-shrouded crater through gap in hills. First blast (*center*) smashed

to out-kirts of Mambajao (*foreground*). On third day another shut out (*right, above*), curved to meet first.



TWO ROASTED CARABAO (WATER BUFFALO)

AS PROPHESED,



CAMIGUIN, tiny island of only 96 square miles, lies just six miles off Mindanao coast.



LIE SPRAWLED WHERE HEAT AND BLAST STRUCK THEM DOWN IN THE MIDST OF A GROTESQUE FOREST OF STRIPPED AND BLACKENED COCONUT PALM TREES

DOOM EXPLODES FROM HIBOKHIBOK

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MICHAEL ROUGIER

Among the 64,000 gentle people of the verdant Philippine island of Camiguin (pronounced calm ageen), familiarity had never quite bred contempt for the live volcanoes that brooded above their coconut groves. Within the years of a patriarch the biggest, Hibokhibok (Hot and Bubbling) had erupted in 1871 and again as recently as 1948 and 1950. The earth's smoldering unease had woven itself into both the legends and the devotions of a devout people. They said the island had been created in violence when one of two quarreling giants plucked it bodily from the mountains of neighboring Mindanao and flung it at his adversary. And, as a bogey to inspire piety in the young, the elders warned the wayward that God's wrath would spring from the volcanoes. Their prophecy was fulfilled early in the morning of Dec. 4, almost without warning and with a violence to match that of the creating giant. The first to sense it was Eugenio Omahoy, the seismic observer stationed there since the 1948 eruption.

Omahoy saw ominous smoke rising when, at 5 a.m., he arose in the port town of Mambajao, six miles from the volcano. He roused the police chief and sent warnings to the village of Panasan, a mile nearer the muttering giant.

But there wasn't time enough. The mountain exploded three times before 7:15. First came the concussion, uprooting trees and flattening buildings. On its heels, a heat wave killed people and animals in their tracks. Then down from the sky came a white-hot rain of volcanic ash and boulders as big as trucks. Unlike many eruptions there was no lava flow. In four days Hibokhibok exploded at least five times, once obliterating a mass grave where two Jesuits and Mambajao's high school students had buried 154 victims the day before. The islanders fled, and fleeing were bogged in torrential rains that went as handmaidens to typhoons sweeping the islands. As the week ended, northern Camiguin was a deserted pesthole, a smoking marker of an estimated 600 sacrifices to the volcano's wrath.



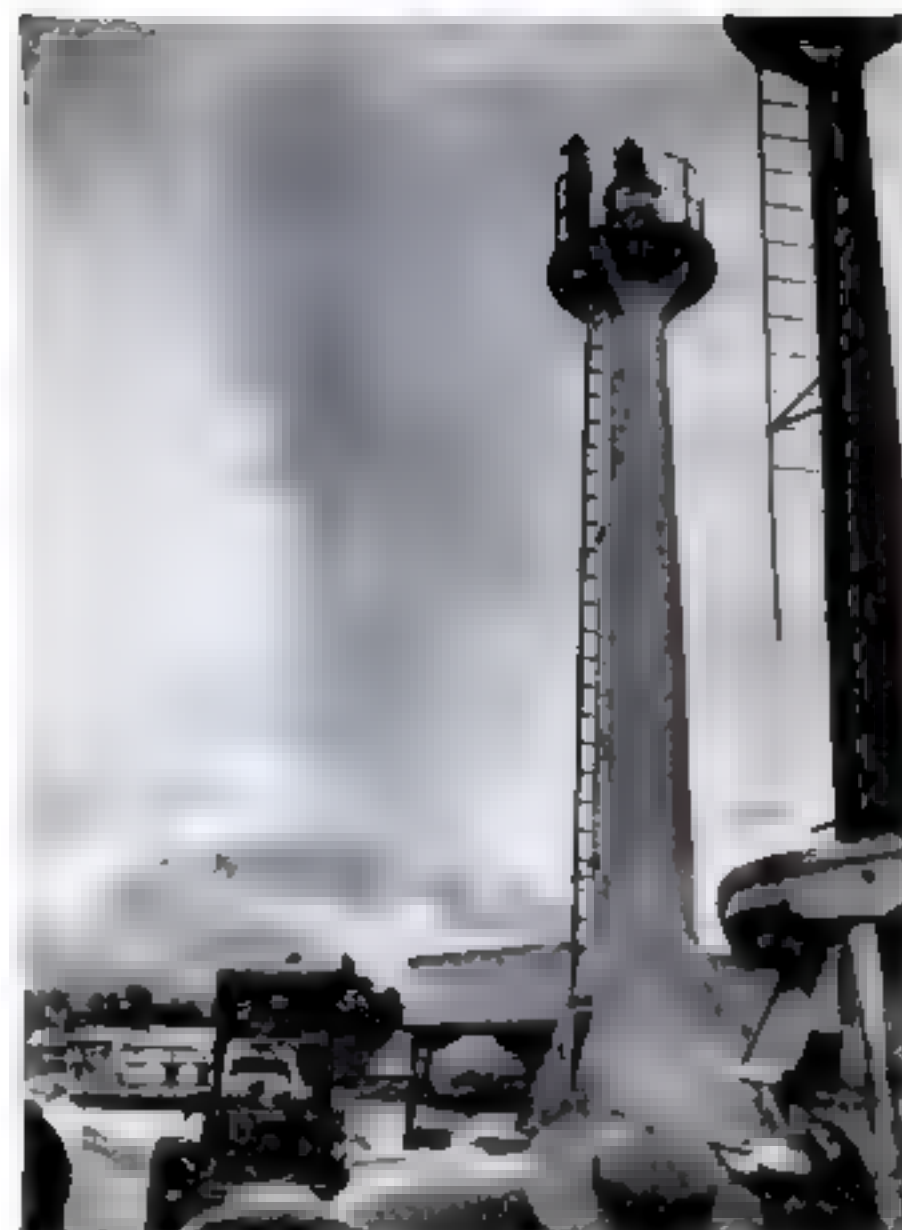
WINDROWS of palms, knocked flat by concussion, often were flung 12 feet or more from their roots.



CLEANLINESS IN CHAOS occupied women and children who bathed by sea while awaiting rescue.



UNRUFFLED GAMECOCK claimed first place in sportsman's heart as refugees chose things to save.



UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW drew observer to lighthouse tower even as new blasts menaced Mambajao.



WHEN RESCUE CAME refugees jammed aboard ship with possessions and shoved off for safety on Mindanao, bereft and bedraggled but glad to be alive.

CHOSEN FOR RESCUE—A GAMECOCK

The awful might of Hibokhibok's anger played odd, bemusing tricks on the minds of survivors. A fighting cock became a possession to be saved at all costs and an addled dog bayed mournfully on the beach. The living first clustered into Mambajao at the edge of the holocaust, then moved southeastward to the safety of Binone as the crater belched again. Philippine patrol craft and private vessels began ferrying refugees to Mindanao, taking out 12,000 in the first week but leaving 11,000 still to be evacuated from the danger area. The Red Cross and the government mobilized to feed the hungry, providing an adult ration of three small tin cans full of rice and a can of sardines every two days. An army task force commanded by Lieut. Colonel Isidro Javier arrived to police the area, found 17 bodies in one heap. They burned them in gasoline to finish what the volcano had begun. Most refugees left willingly, although elders muttered reproachfully that youth's impieties had provoked the cataclysm. Youth did not agree. Said 24-year-old Lucino Bahli, as he left the island, "This is not God's punishment. This is the work of the devil himself."

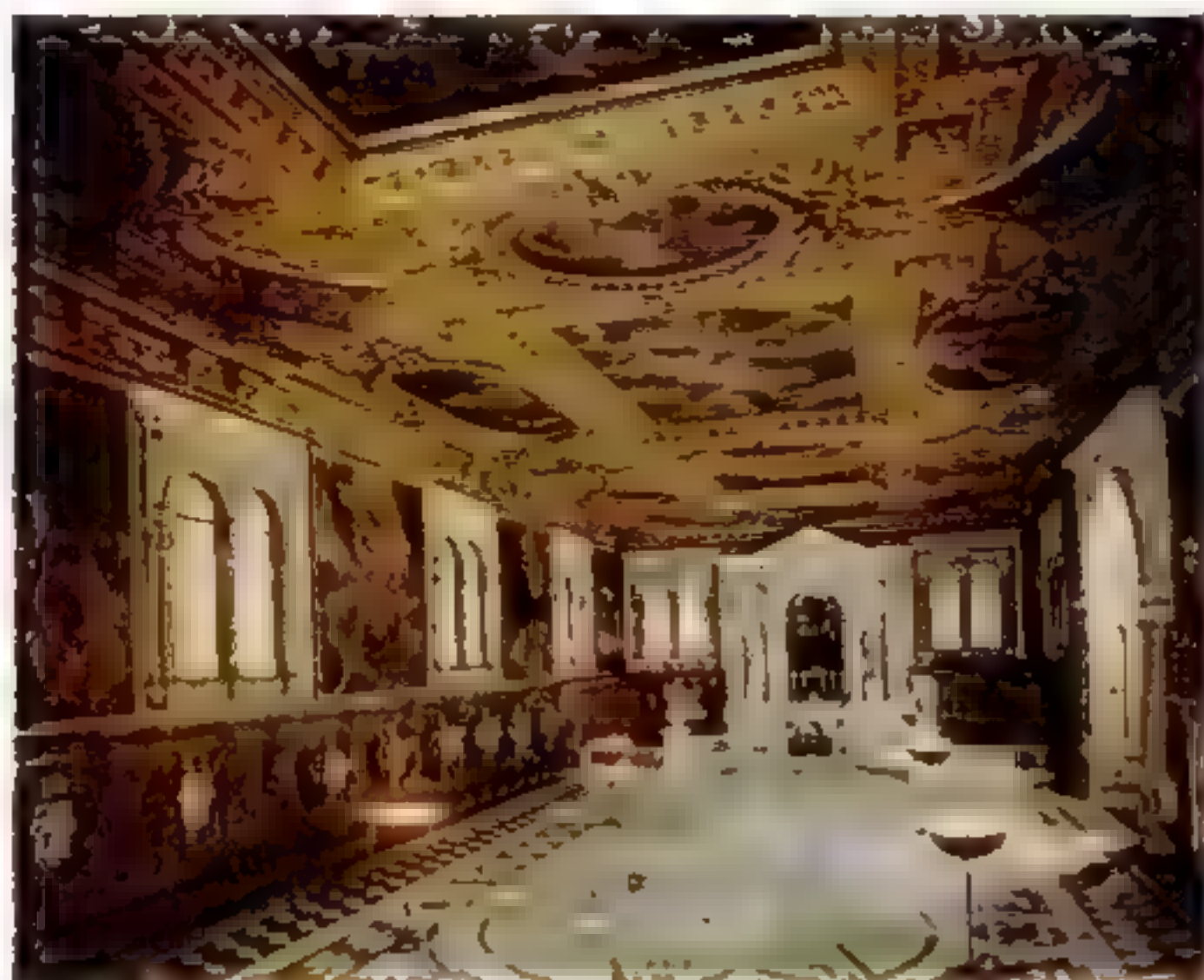
LEFT BEHIND ON BEACH ONE DOG HOWLS HIS ANGUISH WHILE CALM COMPANION IGNORES HIM. SOME DESERTED DOGS WERE FOUND FEEDING ON CORPSES





PAINTED FOR PLYMOUTH BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

"Oh, Boy! It's Pop with a new PLYMOUTH!"



THE SCHOOL OF SAN ROCCO is adorned in its upper hall with scenes from the Old Testament on the ceiling and the life of Christ on the walls.

TINTORETTO'S STORY OF CHRIST

In San Rocco the "furious" Venetian painted a titanic re-creation of the Saviour's life

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DMITRI KESSEL

IN 1564 the School of San Rocco in Venice, a group dedicated to charitable deeds, invited artists to submit designs for a ceiling painting for their headquarters. But one member insisted that the commission should not go to that unorthodox painter, the "furious" Tintoretto. Yet when the judges met, Tintoretto stepped forward and unveiled a painting which he had completed and smuggled into place on the ceiling. Before anyone could protest, he offered the work as a gift.

Mollified, the judges accepted the painting.

So began one of the most momentous associations in art history. Made a member of the school, Tintoretto launched into a titanic set of paintings, creating over a period of 20 years a series of murals which has been acclaimed as the crown of Venetian painting. The most famous of these murals, depicting episodes from the life of Christ, are shown on these 20 pages. They are reproduced from photographs taken with polar-

ized light which eliminates the surface glare caused by the dirt and varnish of four centuries. Experts at San Rocco who examined the photos say this reveals the paintings in colors much closer to those Tintoretto painted than those which the eye sees today.

On the school ceilings Tintoretto painted the Old Testament epics. Then in canvases which enveloped the walls he unfolded the life of Christ. Under his hand the familiar themes burst forth with thunderous energy





A TUMULT OF CHERUBIM shatters the quietude of Mary's room as the angel descends from the heavens to announce that the Virgin

shall become the mother of Jesus. In the open-air carpentry shop at left Joseph works at his trade, unaware of the miracle which takes place within.

and freshness. The spectator is plunged into the midst of the scenes. At the *Nativity* one looks right over the shoulders of the shepherds into the loft where Jesus lies. In the *Annunciation* the glimpse from Mary's room of the realistic but rude carpentry shop makes the angel's miraculous appearance all the more credible. The entire cycle, finished in 1587, embodies almost the last great expression of the vitality of Venice.

Born in 1518, Tintoretto was christened

Jacopo Robusti, but because his father was a dyer, or "tintore," he became known as Tintoretto, the "little dyer." As a child he painted with his father's colors but most of his art training came from studying corpses in an anatomy school and making tiny clay figures which he illuminated with candles to analyze lighting effects. In his early years he had to beg for jobs, for his flamboyant power disturbed Venetians, who were used to the more restrained art of Carpaccio,

Bellini and Titian. Finally in 1548 he won a major competition and from then on was seldom without orders. But he never became rich. Critics continued to attack his revolutionary style and, in his eagerness to create, the artist often painted for nothing. When he died at 75, Tintoretto left behind no wealth. But in San Rocco he left the riches of his art, the murals which, with reverence and majesty, portray the events and the life that the world commemorates at Christmas.



ON A LOFT strewn with straw Mary and Joseph watch over Jesus. A celestial radiance spills through the rafters illuminating the peasant women and shepherds below, who offer up bread and eggs and other food in the silent company of a cow, a rooster and a drooping peacock. A detail from this painting is on LIFE's cover.



THREE KINGS from the East bow before Jesus, who reaches toward gleaming vessels of frankincense and myrrh. One venerable ruler has offered his crown to the Infant while an Indian servant at right unties a bag of other gifts. Outside, glistening beneath the miraculous light of the star, a prancing retinue attends the Oriental monarchs.

ON THE FLIGHT into Egypt to escape from Herod's massacre the Holy Family pauses to rest under a tree which arches the path. The gentle donkey has already bent its head to graze as Joseph prepares to loosen its halter. By the river's edge peasants are busy with farmyard chores, anxious to finish before the late sunlight fades.





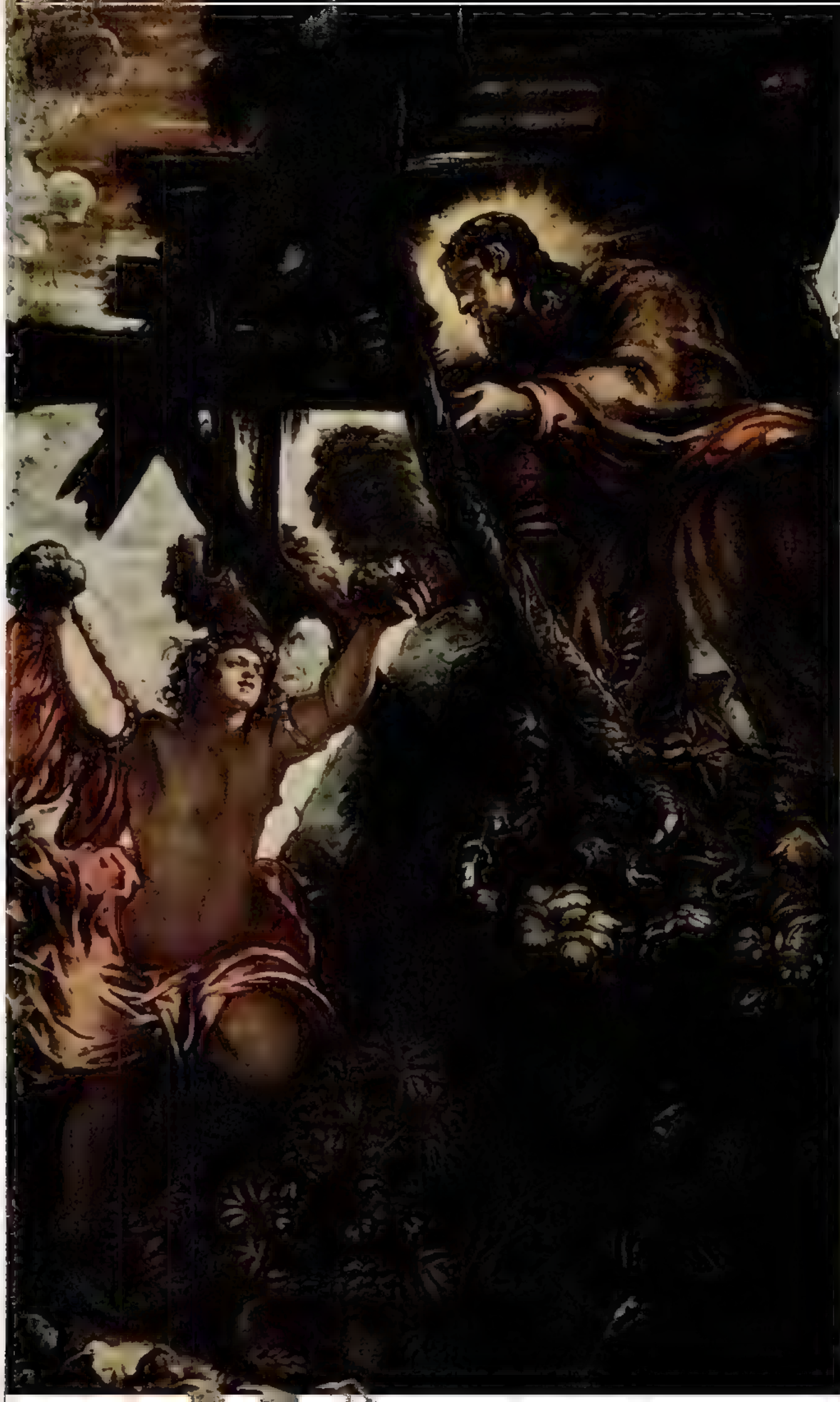


THE SLAUGHTER of the innocent children of Israel ordered by King Herod in his ruthless effort to take the life of the Infant Jesus brings terror to the women of Bethlehem. Writhing and lunging to escape their pursuers, the mothers frantically clutch their babies in a vain attempt to shield them from the swords. One mother, in desperation, has hurled herself and her child off the steps while others beyond the portico flee with their young ones across a river. In the center under the shadow of the colonnade a young mother sits, stunned and motionless, gazing on the lifeless body of her infant.



IN THE WATERS of the River Jordan, Christ kneels to receive his baptism from St. John the Baptist. Crowds of faithful lining the banks press forward in quivering suspense, and the tossing trees and turbulent skies echo their excitement as the Holy Spirit (faintly visible as a dove) descends from the heavens.

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS in the guise of a sensuous angel besieges Christ in the wilderness. Adorned with glittering armbands symbolic of the material pleasures to which he is dedicated, Satan tempts Christ to turn stones into bread. Jesus rebukes him, saying, "Man shall not live by bread alone. . . ."







OUT OF A MULTITUDE of five thousand the Apostle Andrew has brought to his Master a young boy carrying a basket filled with five barley loaves and two fishes. After blessing the food, Christ directs them to distribute it among the crowd of followers who are seated about him on the mountainside, in Galilee. Already some of the crowd are partaking of the food, which has miraculously multiplied, while others wait patiently, knowing that the Lord will tend their needs.

FROM HIS TOMB in a cave, Lazarus comes forth at Christ's bidding to join the living, after having lain for four days among the dead. As two of his friends release Lazarus from his shroud, others hasten up to witness the miracle. To the left of the hillock Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, sink in hushed astonishment before their Master, as they hear his words: "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"





A BLAZE of burning light permeates the gloom of Gethsemane as an angel descends to offer Christ the symbolic cup of sorrow. In a moment close to despair, Jesus half turns from the fate before him, but the angel bends near in a tender attitude of comfort and encouragement. Heavy with sleep, the Apostles James and John lie in a leafy hollow at his feet. But Peter wakes, aroused by the noise of the armored soldiers who, led by Judas, have come to seize Christ.

THE LAST SUPPER before Christ's betrayal takes place in a spacious Renaissance room. To the apostles kneeling and crouching beside the table, Christ has just revealed that one of them will betray him. Stunned and dismayed, they turn upon one another, questioning, "Is it I? Is it I?" But Judas, near the corner where Christ sits, remains silent, turning his head toward the Master. Now, with the youthful St. John asleep upon his lap, Christ offers a morsel of bread to Peter as a symbol of his body, in the ceremony of the first Communion. Oblivious of the hallowed event taking place at the table, servants in the rear hustle about the kitchen, while on the steps in the foreground two beggars and an inquisitive dog wait patiently for the leftovers from the supper.



ROBED IN WHITE, symbolic of his purity, Christ stands humbly before Pilate, an air of unworldliness setting him apart from the envenomed mob and the cries of "Crucify him." Turning away in shame, Pilate washes his hands of the innocent blood to be shed, as the scribe records the fateful sentence.



A TORTURED PROCESSION winds up the hill toward Calvary amid triumphant banners of the Roman Empire. On the ridge of the slope, leashed like a beast of burden, Christ falters beneath the cross while, below, one of the robbers turns to snarl at the soldiers who push them along the path.



THE BARREN WASTES of Golgotha teem with workmen and the raucous soldiery who direct the Crucifixion. At left straining workers hoist a robber aloft. At right the second thief is lashed to his cross, as a man (*foreground*) digs the hole where it will be raised. Nearby soldiers



THE YOUNG DISCIPLE, John, and aged Nicodemus kneel at the Cross (in detail from the Crucifixion). John, to whom Christ had commended his mother, tenderly holds her hand but cannot tear his eyes from his Master. But Nicodemus watches over Mary, bending toward her in mute consolation.

SOARING from the tomb in a splendor of light, Christ raises the banner of his victory. The soldiers guarding the sepulcher are stunned by the radiance and fall to the ground, helpless to challenge the angels who heave back the huge slab which sealed the tomb. In the background, as the early rays of morning sift into the sky, Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, hasten along the path carrying oils and spices to anoint the body of Christ, unaware that he has just risen from the dead.

DARTING ANGELS, flourishing palms and laurel branches of victory, bear Christ upward on their wings. In the 40 days Christ spent on earth after the resurrection from the tomb, he had appeared to two disciples (*center*) on their way to Emmaus and again to his followers gathered around a table (*right*). Now, while John the Evangelist turns in eagerness to record the marvelous event, the followers watch in wonderment as Christ ascends to sit at the right hand of God "in the throne of his glory."



draw lots for Christ's garments. A functionary of the empire (*right*) watches from his horse to see that the operation is carried out in official manner. Behind Jesus a man dips a sponge on a stick into the vinegar to offer to the thirsting Saviour. Spectators lounge at the edge of the mound, observing

the scene with indifference while an ass munches the palms left over from Christ's entry into Jerusalem. In the background (*left*) high priests rail at Christ: "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Only a few worshippers at the foot of the Cross mourn for Jesus. The disciple John and Mary



Magdalene, with disheveled blond tresses, stare upward, but the Virgin (center) sinks back sorrowfully against the grieving women. As an ominous gloom pervades the land, a centurion on a white horse (left), gestures toward the lone, heroic figure of Christ: "Truly this was the Son of God."







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"I'M REALLY A RATHER STRANGE AND EXTRAORDINARY PERSON," CRIES JULIE HARRIS AS THE ERRANT, INGENUOUS SALLY BOWLES

Bad Little Good Girl

JULIE HARRIS MAKES A STAGE TRIUMPH AS A SENTIMENTAL STRUMPET

Julie Harris, who is in her middle 20s, was extraordinarily convincing when playing a 12-year-old tomboy only a few months ago in *Member of the Wedding* (LIFE, Jan. 23, 1950). She is just as convincing in the wholly different role of Sally Bowles, the sentimental strumpet of *I Am a Camera*—a diffuse and disjointed drama brilliantly pulled together by its star. Sally is a silly, slanging, amoral, completely charming English girl who runs away from her family to a bohemian life in pre-Hitler Berlin, a life compounded of long binges and

briefly broken hearts, shocks, laughter and sleazy sex. Wearing flamboyant clothes, green fingernails and an expression that devastatingly combines innocence and wickedness, Julie takes command of the stage from the moment she steps on it till the end with her tantrums, inconsequential dreams and invincible good spirits. On the next two pages LIFE presents some of her characteristic dialog, and some of the mercurial changes of mood, caught by Gjon Mili's camera, which make Sally Bowles Broadway's most fascinating new character.



ON DRINKING: I'm afraid Daddy's side of the family comes out in me. . . . He doesn't care a damn for anyone.



I'm allergic to coffee. I come out in the most sinister spots if I drink it before dinner.



ON REFORMING: I'm never going to look at another man with money, as long as I live.



Imagine what it will be like to wake up without coughing, or feeling even the least little bit sick.



ON TRAVELING: I want to go somewhere terrifically mysterious and sinister, and full of history. I'd like to go to Egypt.



Floating down the Nile, the desert all around . . . those marvelous sensual Arabs watching us from the tops of the pyramids.



*Actually I suppose I couldn't have a whisky and soda,
could I? I'm simply dead.*



*Do you have anything? I mean, anything besides coffee?
... Gin will be wonderful.*



*And then . . . I practice Interpretive Dancing. You know,
with shawls and things.*



*I could go to a party tonight, and . . . meet the most wonderful man
who'd make all the difference to my whole life and my career.*



*There'll be India. And a maharaja will offer me my weight
in diamonds, if I'll spend one night in his harem.*



*And then there'll be feasts on volcanoes in the South Seas,
and cocktails with Garbo.*

WHO IS THE CAMERA?

Christopher Isherwood, a British (now an American) novelist, lived in Berlin in the early '30s and later wrote a book of stories about its disorganized life, with its frantic search for pleasure going on in the shadow of unemployment, bloody street riots and the cancerous growth of Nazism. Working some of these stories into a play, John Van Druten decided to make a central character out of Isherwood himself, who appears in the book as an urbane observer and commentator. "I am a camera," he explains, giving the play its curious title, "with its shutter open, quite passive. Some day all of this will have to be developed, printed, fixed." Christopher, played by William Prince, hasn't got around to doing any developing at the end of Van Druten's play: he has shared all the ups and downs of Sally Bowles, fallen vaguely in love with her, got vaguely involved in the problems of his Nazi landlady and two young Jewish lovers threatened with persecution. The actors who play these parts are excellent and with the wonderful character of Sally Bowles to keep them in continual commotion the play, now a solid Broadway hit, becomes an entertaining and almost rewarding experience.



PRINCE AS ISHERWOOD



SALLY LEAVES on another forlorn chase after romance, leaving a forlorn Christopher behind, who is unable to say how much he has come to love her.



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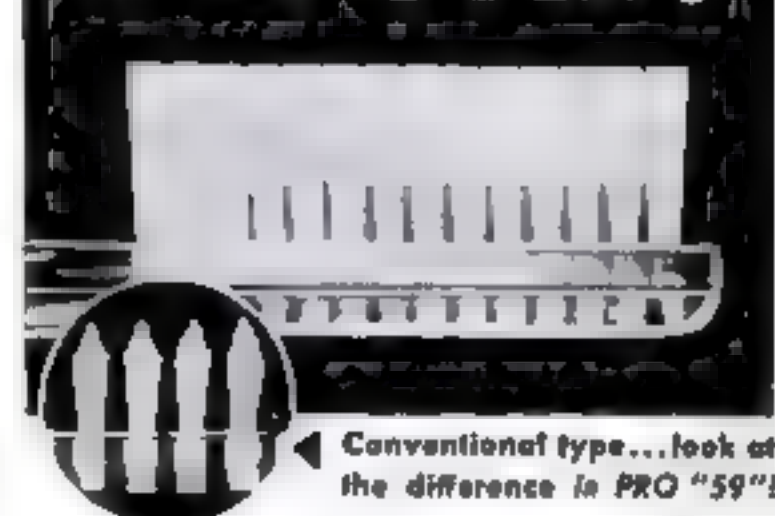


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WHILE HIS MEN STAND CEREMONIOUSLY, GUEST CONDUCTOR GEORGE SZELL OPENS PHILHARMONIC'S 5,000TH CONCERT WITH "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

THE PHILHARMONIC'S 5,000TH

America's oldest symphony orchestra hits a big round number in its long, impressive list of concerts

Way back in 1842 a quizzical, bearded New England Yankee with the improbable name of Ureli Corelli Hill founded an organization known as the Philharmonic Society of New York and conducted its first concert. Some time later he committed suicide, leaving a note which read, "Ha, ha! I go, the sooner the better." The organization he founded proved to be considerably more tenacious than Mr. Hill. Last week, looking back on the 109 years of concert giving which make it the oldest symphony orchestra in the U.S. and the third oldest in the world (older: the Vienna Philharmonic, London Philharmonic), the New York Philharmonic-Symphony

chalked up the 5,000th concert of its long and distinguished career. To celebrate the occasion, it unearthed a composition that had graced Hill's first program, an overture by the Czech composer, Johann Wenzeslaus Kalliwoda, a great celebrity at the time, but whose compositions have since been as completely forgotten as the conducting of Mr. Hill. But the Philharmonic itself, however, had grown into a magnificent orchestra which toured Europe and the U.S., pioneered the nationwide broadcasting of symphonic music and, through influence and longevity, achieved a unique position as the greatest single institution in U.S. musical history.



URELI CORELLI HILL



THEODORE THOMAS



GUSTAV MAHLER



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DIMITRI MITROPOULOS

GREAT CONDUCTORS who have successively led the New York Philharmonic constitute a virtual who's who of their profession. Theodore Thomas (in 1879) whipped it into shape as one of the world's fine orchestras, departing later to found the Chicago Symphony. Gustav Mahler, remembered today chiefly as a composer,

conducted it in 1909. In the 1920s and 30s it attained a peak of virtuosity under Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini, finally reaching a vast radio audience estimated at 13 million listeners a week. Today, the Philharmonic's chief conductor is the bald, brilliant Greek-born maestro Dimitri Mitropoulos.



THE OLD CITY OF JERUSALEM now stands within the borders of Jordan, with an uneasy no man's land dividing it from Israel on the north, west and south.

In this ancient walled city, which is the most sacred in the world to Christians, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or the Eastern churches, holy shrines stand

The Plight of the Holy Places

Shrines of Christianity are threatened with collapse because of ancient antagonisms which refuse to die
by EVELYN WAUGH

On one side a people possessed by implacable resentment, on the other by limitless ambition; between them a haphazard frontier determined by the accidents of battle and still, in spite of the truce, the scene of recurrent acts of atrocity and revenge; on that line and cut through by it, the most sacred city in the world.

Publicists and politicians have conspired to forget and to make forgotten this open wound in international honor. On Dec. 11, 1948 the General Assembly of the United Nations proclaimed Jerusalem unique and granted it international status under United Nations control which neither then nor later was made effective. Now, by a double act of aggression as flagrant as the invasion of South



amid profane buildings on narrow, crowded streets. Some of the best-known Holy Places of Christian, Moslem and Jew are identified in this drawing made especially

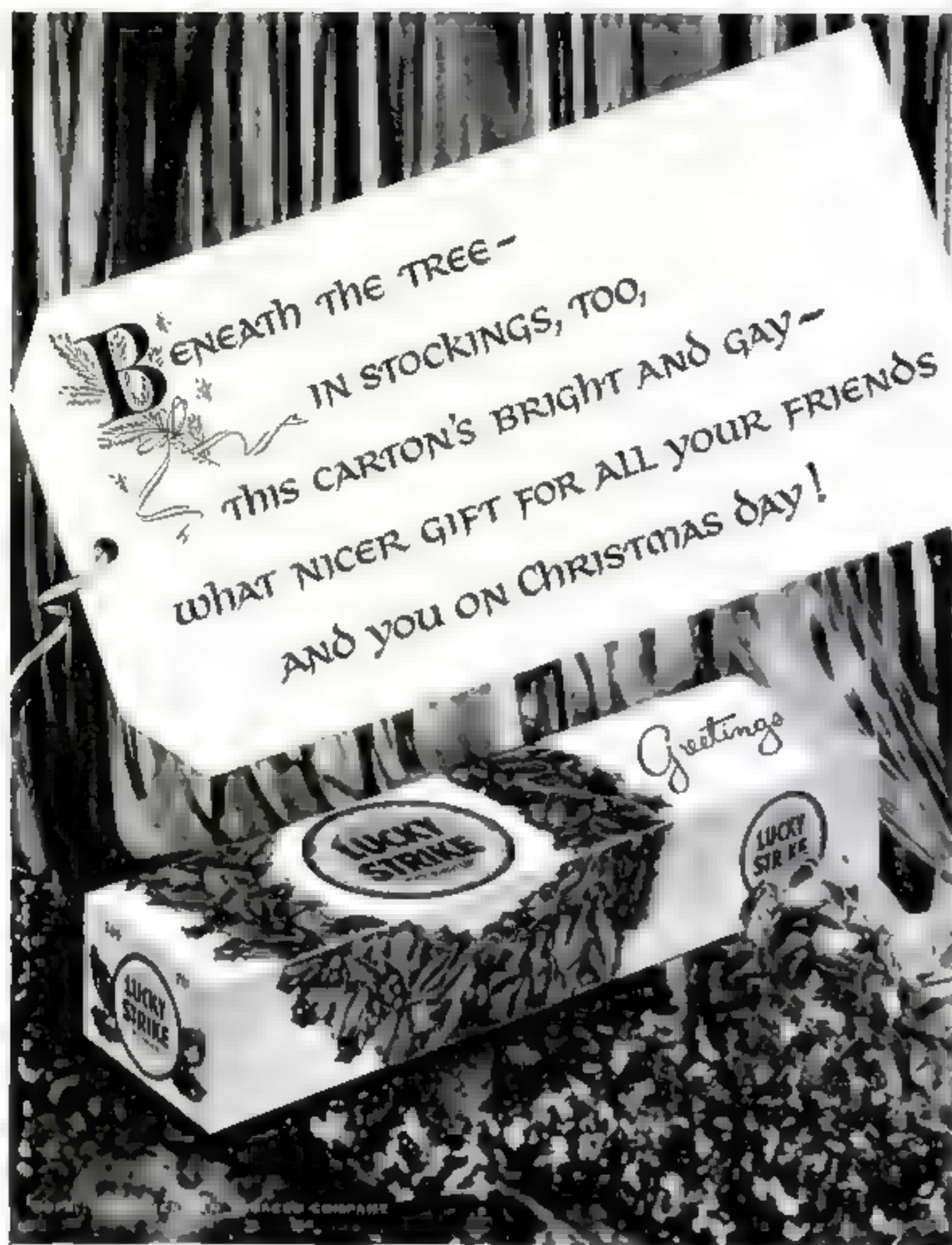
for LIFE by Leydentröst. There are others in the surrounding country-side and in Bethlehem, five miles down the road that runs out of the drawing at bottom right.

Korea, the city has become a battleground temporarily divided between two irreconcilable enemies. One voice only is heard reproaching the nations with their betrayal—the Pope's—but he speaks as always in terms of generations and centuries. When he says that internationalization is the only proper solution of the problem he does not mean that it is expedient to evict the usurpers immediately. The great opportunity has been lost. It will come back one day on the tide of history. Meanwhile the Holy City stands as a chilly monument to the moral confusion of our rulers.

People speak of Jerusalem as being "sacred to three great world religions," suggesting that the rights and claims of Christian,

Mohammedan and Jew are similar and equal. In fact there are decisive theological and historical differences. Christianity and Mohammedanism may both reasonably be called "world religions" in that each offers a cosmic system of the relations of all mankind to God. Judaism is the religion of a particular people, the system of rites and social habits which united and distinguished a nation once dispersed, now partly reassembled in a national state. The Temple of Jerusalem was once the sole focus of Jewish worship. There alone a priestly order sacrificed to the national deity. When the Temple was destroyed by Titus in A.D. 70 the Jewish religion was profoundly changed. Since then there has been no priesthood and no sacrifice.

In 363 the Emperor Julian the Apostate ordered the restoration of the Temple and of its worship but the work was interrupted by a cataclysm which contemporary witnesses accepted as a divine judgment. Since then no responsible Jew has advocated the rebuilding of the Temple. The meat shortage alone would make the ancient sacrifices impossible. The orthodox Jews, who form some 18% of the population of Israel, believe that the work can only be undertaken when there is an unmistakable apocalyptic summons. The 10% of dogmatic atheists, of course, expect no such event. The majority of Zionists are being encouraged to see the fulfillment of the prophecies in the establishment of the State of Israel. For the first time no Jew has access



HOLY PLACES CONTINUED

to the Wailing Wall but it is not in the temper of the new state to lament past glories but instead to exalt present achievements. There is a strong movement to divert the national disposition to mourning into more topical channels. A shrine has been erected under the walls of the Old City where the ashes of Jews murdered by the Germans are unceasingly venerated. It is probable that this will take the place of the Wailing Wall in the minds of the next generation.

The Mohammedans were late-comers. Jerusalem had been the sacred city of Christendom for 600 years before it fell to Omar. He himself entered with all reverence and chivalrously refrained from praying in the Holy Sepulchre, an act commemorated in the neighboring mosque. It is probable that the prophet passed through Jerusalem on his way to Damascus. It is certain that he picked up a great respect for the place in the garbled versions of Christianity and Judaism which formed the basis of his meditations. At one time he turned toward Jerusalem to pray. But in the end he left his bones in Medina and appointed Mecca as the prime center of



EVELYN WAUGH

One of the most distinguished novelists of our time (*Brideshead Revisted*, *Helena*), Evelyn Waugh is also known as a journalist of perception and force. As an Englishman visiting in the U.S. he wrote on bizarre burial customs in California (*LIFE*, Sept. 29, 1947), and as a Roman Catholic he wrote an examination of the state of his church in this country (*LIFE*, Sept. 19, 1949). To gather material for the present article Mr. Waugh spent five weeks at the Holy City.

pilgrimage and devotion. Jerusalem comes third to the Mohammedan and only one spot there is of supreme importance, the rock over which the great Dome stands, reputed to be the altar on which Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac; the foundation of the altar is both the Jewish Holy of Holies and the taking-off place of the prophet's visionary visit to Paradise. It is now recognized by all as an inalienable Mohammedan possession. It lies on its great platform on the east of the city with access through the Golden Gate to the Kingdom of Jordan. When internationalization comes, it will be easy to separate it from the zone and make it an integral part of the Arab Kingdom.

The rest of the ancient city comprises a dense constellation of Christian Holy Places. This term can be used loosely to include all properties belonging to various Christian bodies, convents, hostels, churches—many of which sprang up in the Holy Land during the last century of Turkish rule; strictly it should mean only those places which were venerated before the Mohammedan invasion as the sites of Christian history. It is to those that the pilgrims flocked and it was the chief of these that became the subject of the intricate system of *status quo* which was elaborated by the firmans of successive sultans recognized by international treaty and by the British authority during its 30 years of rule. Of Holy Places in this strict sense there are some 40 in the walled City of Jerusalem and on the Mount of Olives; seven in the adjoining village of Bethany and 16 in and around Bethlehem (which is five miles distant by the old road, now cut by a Jewish salient). All these lie in the *de facto* authority of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

In the *de facto* State of Israel lie the Church of the Dormition and the Cenacle under the walls of the Old City, three Holy Places at Ein Karim, one at Emmaus, nine at Nazareth, five on the Sea of Galilee, three at Cana, one at Carmel. The most important of these is Nazareth, which stands in a peculiar position in Israel. Elsewhere the Jews were able to stampede the inhabitants (who now live in destitution, some half million in the wastes of Jordan alone) and hastily fill their homes with Jewish immigrants. But at Nazareth the Arabs, mostly Christians, remained. They live under restraint, forbidden to travel outside their area or go to work as they used to in Haifa. Special police passes are required for foreigners to enter the district. The Nazarenes are naturally entirely unsympathetic to the State of Israel and would welcome internationalization.

To move from one part of the Holy Land to the other is impossible for a subject of either part. For the foreign pilgrim it is difficult

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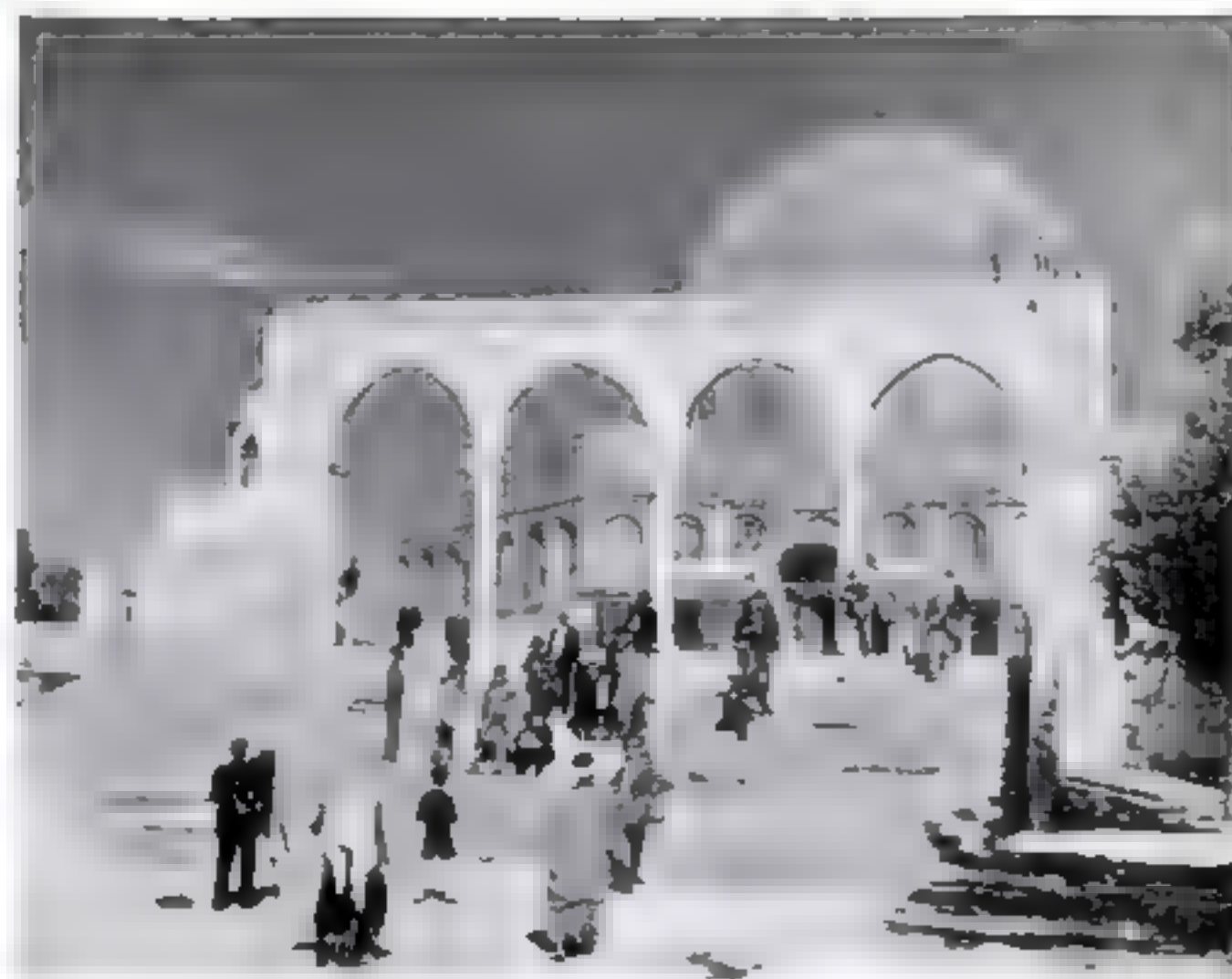
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THE DOME OF THE ROCK, once temporarily a Christian church, is now a Mohammedan shrine. Inside the walled city, it also stands aloof on a plateau.

but possible. It may be added that the fictitious rate of exchange makes travel in Israel more costly than anywhere else in the world. That is the trick by which a modern government exacts the dues which were considered intolerably oppressive in the Middle Ages. Indeed, the conditions which provoked the First Crusade were scarcely more offensive to the pilgrim than those existing today.

But we should not protest too much. It is in the nature of a pilgrimage to be uncomfortable. Often they are undertaken as penance, and early rules for pilgrims enjoin bare feet and uncombed hair as essential features.

The pilgrim's instinct is deep-set in the human heart. It is indeed an affair of the heart rather than of the head. Reason tells us that Christ is as fully present in one church as in another, but we know by experience that some churches have what we most inadequately call an "atmosphere" in which we pray easily, while others do not. How much more is this true of the spots marked by great events and by the devotion of the saints. Stern moralists of the Middle Ages were constantly exhorting their flocks to stay at home and warning them that the spiritual dangers of the wanderer might quite undo the benefits. But the tide was not to be stayed. As soon as one place was desecrated by Mohammedan or reformer other places sprang up. Restlessness and mere curiosity no doubt have a part (the motives of any human action being inextricably mixed) but far above these is the empty human imagination seeking an object for its attention. In this most natural quest the Holy Land has for the Christian a primacy which Rome itself cannot approach.

Nevertheless it is a fact that many visitors are disconcerted by what they see there. Those who come fresh from the towering splendors of Catholic Europe find architecture which is often ramshackle, often meanly modern. Those who come from the light, spacious, plain conventicles of Protestant worship find murky caves cluttered with shabby ornament and echoing with exotic liturgies. Those whose imaginations have been filled from childhood by bright biblical illustrations and such hymns as Mrs. Alexander's "There is a green hill far away" find a confusing topography in which the Way of the Cross runs through an Oriental bazaar. A little girl remarked at Calvary: "I never knew Our Lord was crucified indoors"; she was expressing an uneasiness that troubles many minds; that troubled General Gordon so much that he was impelled to seek the tomb elsewhere and to find it in a site—archaeologically preposterous—which has comforted many bewildered Nordics. "The Garden Tomb" is what their Sunday-school teachers led them to expect, not the Greco-Russian kiosk which now sadly crowns the site unearthed by St. Macarius in 326.

This confusion of mind was expounded in the English House of Lords when they debated the destiny of Jerusalem at the end of the mandate. Their lordships were then comforted by the suggestion that since there was some doubt in some minds about their authenticity, the Holy Places did not greatly matter. Perhaps most Americans and Englishmen who have not studied the matter have a vague impression that there has been a good deal of conscious imposture. Certainly no one accepts as *de fide* the authenticity of all.

What I suppose is plain to anyone who accepts the truth of the Gospels, is that Galilee and the district in and around Jerusalem

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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HOLY PLACES CONTINUED

are sacred to the incidents of Our Lord's life, death, Resurrection and Ascension. It is moreover certain that the vast majority of the spots venerated today were those identified by a living tradition in the Fourth Century and have been continuously recognized ever since. Whether this living tradition erred occasionally and precise spots were unenthusiastically accepted where a rather vague memory survived, we cannot know. Recent excavations—for example those at the Lithostrotos of Pilate's Judgment Hall—have confirmed tradition. We now know that our forefathers were wrong in supposing that the Ecce Homo Arch was the building from which Christ was exposed to the people. We do know, however, that deep below the present Via Dolorosa there does lie the actual path He trod to Calvary. We cannot know whether the Stations are the exact sites of the various incidents. The Holy Places indeed comprise the whole gamut of credibility from the "Tomb of Adam"—a fantasy, surely—to the rock of Calvary, which no one but an ill-informed bigot would attempt to discredit. Between these two extremes the other shrines could be arranged in a rough order of probability, but the question is primarily antiquarian rather than religious. Suppose, for example—though there is no particular reason to do so—that the place of John the Baptist's birth were not where we suppose, but a few yards away, in another street even, of the same village. The devotion of centuries has made the traditional site a Holy Place in fact.



HOLY SEPULCHRE is where all Catholics and some Protestants believe Christ was buried.

This last may be taken as typical of the minor shrines and of the surprises that await the pilgrim. He has come to the Ein Karim to see the home of the Baptist. He finds a handsome modern church in the Spanish style. He is led down a precipitous staircase into a small cave where he is invited to kiss a marble boss. This he is told is the birthplace of St. John. His guide is a bearded Franciscan. If they have a language in common, and even perhaps if they have not, the pilgrim will be told at length the stories of St. Elizabeth and of Zachary. He may be shown some pottery of Herod's time found on the spot and the mosaic remains of two Byzantine chapels. But the Franciscans of the Custody are seldom archaeologists and never aesthetes. Their first characteristic is

tenacity. They inherited the flag of the Crusaders in 1291. When the knights and barons retreated, the friars remained. They have stayed on for more than 600 years with absolute singleness of purpose, undisturbed by theological and artistic fashions. They have more than once in all their undertakings seen the full revolution of the cycle, decay, destruction, restoration, and have learned to avoid undue attachment to their own transient structures. Indeed they seem positively to relish the demolition of buildings which anywhere else would be patiently preserved. Give them the chance to put up something brand-new, strong and convenient and the Franciscans of the Custody jump to it. They have no sentiment except the highest. No association later than the Apostles interests them. There is only one "period" for them: the years of Our Lord. It is not for us to look askance. They have had small help from art connoisseurs during their agelong, lonely sentry duty.

But the cave, too, is not what we might have expected. It does seem remarkably odd that St. Elizabeth should have gone down to the cellar for her accouchement. The explanation, I think, is that she did nothing of the kind. The houses of this district mostly stand over honeycombs of natural and hewn cisterns and store-rooms. These remain when the houses fall or burn. In identifying a site in the Fourth Century villagers would say, "Here, our fathers have told us, John was born." Nothing is more natural than that a confusion should occur and the cave usurp the history of the former house. We may explain in the same way such objects of veneration as the block of stone from which Our Lord is said to have mounted the ass for his entry into Jerusalem. It is probable that the stone was first put there simply to mark the spot and that later generations made it a participant in the actual drama. Concessions such as these are all that need to be made to the sceptic. But when all these small debts to plausibility have been paid in full, the residual wealth of the Holy Land in authentic gilt-edged association is incomparably large. The supreme treasury is, of course, the great church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

And here, as one might expect, one finds exemplified and accentuated all the peculiarities of the Holy Land. The first impression as one enters the courtyard is that one has come inopportunistically. The steps by which one approaches are arched over with a structure of steel girders and wood props; the fine 12th Century facade and entrance are entirely obscured by scaffolding. Inside, as one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom, one finds that all the arches of choir and rotunda are reinforced with a dense armature of timber, that everywhere a forest of beams and struts spreads between the ancient columns, and that the walls are bound like a clumsily wrapped parcel with a tangle of steel ties. There has been some recent mishap or some defect has suddenly become apparent, the visitor supposes. But such is not the case. The last disturbance took place in 1927. Grave danger to the whole fabric was apparent seven years later and these girders and balks of timber are the hasty improvisations of local British engineers, a first-aid treatment while the ecclesiastical authorities were deciding on a plan. In 1942 further dangers were discerned and further temporary measures taken by the same engineers. Now they have gone away; nothing is being done.

The dead hand of the old Ottoman firmans and the Treaty of Berlin of 1878 render the ecclesiastical authorities powerless. They are merely waiting for the inevitable collapse, perhaps in their time, perhaps in the time of their successors, when the Christian world will be obliged to turn its attention to its principal shrine.

Meanwhile one wanders backward through history. One notices first the work of the English sappers, next the reconstruction of the Greek builders of 1808, then, if one has an eye for architecture, one sees that all these encumbrances stand in a great Norman cathedral, still almost intact; then one may find tucked away underground all that is left of the original buildings of Constantine and Helena. That great assembly of buildings was destroyed by the Persians before the Mohammedan invasions, by Chosroes in 614 who carried off the True Cross.

The Emperor Heraclius was the first true crusader. Solemnly dedicating his arms, he invaded Persia nine years later and brought the relic home in triumph, while the monk Modestus traveled throughout the empire raising funds for rebuilding.

Damage, restoration, damage succeed one another through the centuries. Certain events are of determining importance. This destruction by Chosroes and rebuilding by Modestus and Heraclius is one of them; next, very soon after, the surrender of the city to the Caliph Omar in 637. His Mohammedan successors did not emulate his chivalry. In 1009 the Caliph Hakim, an Egyptian, tried to extirpate Christianity in his dominions. He was probably insane. He reversed his policy later but not before the Church of Modestus had been demolished and the Sepulchre itself, which until then had preserved its original rock-hewn form, had lost roof and walls so that nothing now remains except the floor and the slab upon which Our Lord's body lay. Succeeding edicules have been of masonry. It was not until 40 years later that the local Christians with the help of the Emperor Monomachus were able to complete a rebuilding which lacked most of the splendor of its predecessors and left half the former shrine in ruins. Hakim's persecution shocked Christendom. It was thought intolerable that the Holy City should be at the mercy of the caprices of Mohammedan potentates.

The Emperor of the East had become a reduced and localized power scarcely able to maintain himself at Constantinople, still less to reconquer Palestine. The Crusade was preached in the West. In 1099 a Christian army recaptured Jerusalem and a Latin kingdom was established there which survived for barely a century. Under this rule the church was built which stands today, enclosing under a single roof the sites of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. But meanwhile the Great Schism had occurred. On July 15, 1054 the bickerings of 200 years took violent form in the excommunication by the papal legates of the patriarch of Constantinople in his own cathedral. The patriarchs of Antioch and Jerusalem followed him into schism with the Orthodox patriarch of Alexandria, who had already lost most of his subjects to Monophysite heresy.



GARDEN TOMB outside Old City is where General Gordon decided the body of Christ was laid.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Double Fun! Double Joy! Double Everything!

DOUBLE DYNAMITE!

JANE RUSSELL GROUCHO MARX
FRANK SINATRA

TNT TUNES!
"IT'S ONLY MONEY"
"KISSES AND TEARS"

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, JR.
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Story by LEO ROSTEN

R K O
RADIO
Presents



ARAB DOORKEEPER at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre rests inside the church before closing time.



AT CLOSING door is locked, ladder passed inside (above) by doorkeeper, who then checks out (below).



HOLY PLACES CONTINUED

The separation of four historic Orthodox patriarchates, on personal and political grounds chiefly, was a disaster from which Christendom still suffers today. Catholic and Orthodox had hitherto been interchangeable terms. Now they were used to distinguish separate churches. It was recognized as something unnatural and deplorable even when tempers were most exacerbated. There were continual attempts at reconciliation; twice with some show of success. In 1439 at the Council of Florence, peace was made but by that time the Greek clergy had become crassly sectarian and they repudiated their leaders.

Constantinople fell in 1453. St. Sophia was then a Catholic Church, as it had been in its first days. The last Emperor of the East died a Catholic, gallantly fighting on the walls. Congregations all over the Levant remained loyal to Rome and survive prosperously today. But as the whole of Eastern Christendom fell under the Turk, an iron curtain descended between it and the West behind which the great majority of Orthodox Christians were caught at an unpropitious moment. Their schism became the badge of their loyalty. Untouched by humanism, by the stimulating controversy of the 15th Century, by the great revitalizing power of the Counter Reformation, cut off from the sap of Christian fellowship, the Eastern churches dried up and hardened.

Thus were born the disputes over the Holy Places which in their turn produced what is ironically called the "status quo." As the Turkish power matured and softened, the administration relied more and more upon the clever subject peoples for its courtiers and civil servants. Persecution alternated with appeasement in the policy towards Greeks, Armenians and Copts.

The cheapest form of appeasement is always to pay with the property of others, and throughout the 18th Century the Sultans granted more and more licenses to the Eastern clergy for encroachment on the rights of the Latins, until by 1757 an immensely complex code was evolved defining precisely how many lamps each cult might hang and on how many feet of ground they might worship at each holy place. France had been the recognized protector of the Catholics in the East. At the Revolution France became atheist. At the height of the Napoleonic regime a fire took place in the Church of the Sepulchre. While the West was indifferent and preoccupied, the Greeks acted, swept away the tombs of the Latin kings and the Latin choir and reconstructed all they could in their own characteristic style. That is the church we see today. The Treaties of Paris of 1855 and of Berlin in 1878 reaffirmed the *status quo* of 1757.

The principle of the *status quo* was that property belonged to whoever could prove that he had last exercised the right of repairing it. While certain places were subdivided, others were left as common property of the Catholics, Greeks and Armenians. Nothing can be done to common property, which includes the general fabric of the building, without the consent and participation of all. There is thus a complete impasse in which the place is visibly falling to pieces. It may be noted in passing that when a small fire recently occurred in the Dome, King Abdullah patched it up without consulting anyone and without anyone minding.

In this situation a plan for a new Holy Sepulchre has been initiated by Archbishop

Gustavo Testa, Apostolic Delegate to Palestine. It is the project of two Italian architects, Barluzzi and Marangoni. They have produced a pretty album of their designs—*il Santo Sepolchro di Gerusalemme Splendori-Miserie Speranze*—at the Institute of Art at Bergamo, in which is envisaged a scheme of town clearance, denuding a whole quarter of the densely populated city, demolishing two mosques including the historic site of Omar's prayer, and the ancient convents that now cluster round the basilica, and planting in this space a huge brand-new edifice in the center of which Calvary and the Sepulchre stand, as they did under Constantine, as separate buildings in an open court. Centered in this court would stand the churches of all the rites which have claims in the existing building and also the Anglican Church, which does not.

A monument to divisions

NO one, I think, regards this undertaking as practicable; few as desirable. Apart from any esthetic objection—and there are many—there is the supreme objection that this immense erection would be in effect a monument to the divisions of the Church. These divisions are so much a part of the tradition and daily lives of the Franciscans of the Custody that it is small wonder if they have come to accept it as something normal and permanent. But there is all the difference between a quarrelsome family who still share one home and jostle one another on the stairs and one which has coldly split up into separate households. The extreme animosities of the past have subsided, but it is not impossible that they should break out anew. The clergy of the different rites treat one another with courtesy but they are constantly vigilant; no quarrels have recently occurred because the *status quo* has been rigidly observed. Any infringement of it would provide immediate protest and, perhaps, retaliation.

It is, of course, all very unseemly and unedifying. But so also is the division of the Church. Under the proposed reconstruction there will be no fear of friction. It would be a great deal more convenient for everyone concerned. But ease would have been bought by the formal perpetuation of a disgrace.

What is needed, surely, is not the grandiose Franciscan plan but a patient restoration of the building as it stood before 1800. This indeed would be no small task but no greater than the restoration of Rheims Cathedral after the first world war and of far wider significance. If the funds and the direction came from some source quite unconnected with any of the rival religious bodies, their consent would doubtless be obtainable. It is a task for which the United Nations are eminently suited. They owe a heavy debt to the Holy City. This might form a token payment.

But even in its decrepit and defaced condition the great church is an inspiration, for the whole history of Christendom is there to be read by those who trouble to study it. Every degree of pilgrim and tourist passes and repasses all day long with every degree of piety and insolence, but it is at night that the place really comes to life.

There is only one door now. It shuts at sundown. Just before that hour an Arab soldier clears the darkening aisles of the last penitents and sightseers. The Arab doorkeeper, a member of the Musedî family which has held the office since the time of Suleiman the

Magnificent—since Omar, some will tell you—climbs a ladder and turns the locks from outside, passes the ladder in through a square trap which a priest locks from his side. The windows fade and disappear, the roof is lost. There is no light except from the oil lamps which glow on Calvary, before the Sepulchre and over the Stone of Uncion. Absolute silence falls. The air becomes close and chilly, with the faintest smell of oil and candle wax and incense. The place seems quite empty. But in fact there are 30 or more sleeping men tucked away out of sight in various dens, like bats in a sunless cave. Nothing happens for hours. Some of the oil lamps begin to burn out. You can sit on the doorkeeper's divan and think yourself at the bottom of the sea.

And then, a little before 11 o'clock, lights begin to appear and move in unsuspected apertures and galleries. There is a snuffling and shuffling, and from their various lairs—the Greek from a balcony above the rock of Calvary, the Franciscan from a tunnel in the wall beyond the Latin Chapel, the Armenian down an iron fire-escape above the spot of the Stabat Mater—three bearded sacristans appear and begin filling and trimming the lamps. Soon after this there is a sound of door-knocking, knuckles, wooden hammers, a little electric bell somewhere; a yawning, and muttering and coughing and rustling.

At 11:30 something like a jungle war drum starts up. That is the Greeks. Then a great irregular banging together of planks. That is the Armenians. Then two vested thurifers appear and proceed separately round the whole building, censuring every altar with a chinking of brass and clouds of aromatic smoke. Then here and there raw little electric bulbs flash on. The monks and friars assemble in their choirs and just before midnight the night offices start, the severe monotone of the Latins contrasting with the exuberant gaiety of the Armenians, who are out of sight, up their iron staircase in their own bright vault, but whose music sounds like a distant village festival of folk dancing and peasant ballads.

The Latin office is the most brief. The friars file out into their tunnel. The Greeks and Armenians sing on. And then something new, unexpected and quite delicious stirs the drowsy senses—the sweet, unmistakable smell of new-baked bread. It is the Easterns cooking the Hosts for their Masses. Mass is said daily in the tomb by the three chief rites. On some days the Copts celebrate at an altar built against the outer wall. On Sunday morning the Syrians, too, have their service. And daily on the roof, in the sad little African hovels to which they were driven by the rich Armenians, the Monophysite Abyssinians perform their own ancient liturgy.

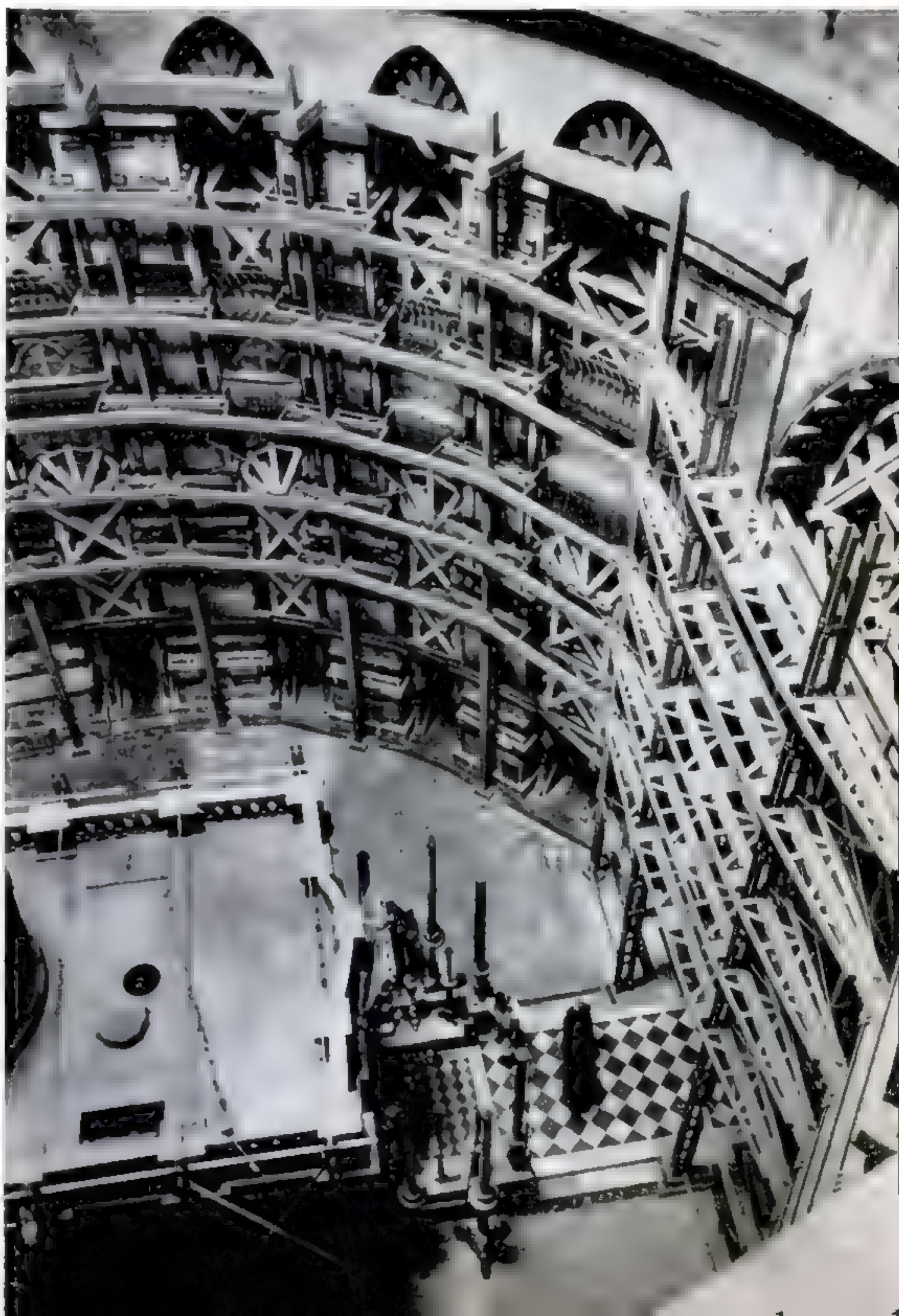
The Greek Mass is the first, followed by the Armenian. There is room only for priest and server in the inner chamber of the Sepulchre. Two or three more may kneel in the outer chamber. The remainder of the choir stand outside. While the Armenian Mass is going on the Catholics may be heard not far off in their chapel intoning another office. By 3:30 the edicule is clear of the Armenians, and the Franciscan sacristan busies himself with a portable altar and the Mass furniture of the West. At 4 o'clock the door is opened. A servant of the Judeh family, which holds

this hereditary appointment, brings the key, which for convenience he now hangs in the Greek convent on the north of the courtyard, and hands it to the representative of the Musedi family. A monk opens the trap door and pushes out the ladder. With a squeak and a clang the locks are turned and the doors swing open. The monks and the gatekeepers salaam and the gatekeepers shuffle back to bed.

At 4:30 the Catholic Mass is said in the Sepulchre, followed by others through all the early hours of the morning on Calvary, in the Chapel of the Franks and in the Latin Chapel. And at dawn as one steps out into the courtyard after one's vigil one is met by the cry of the muezzin proclaiming that there is no god but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet.

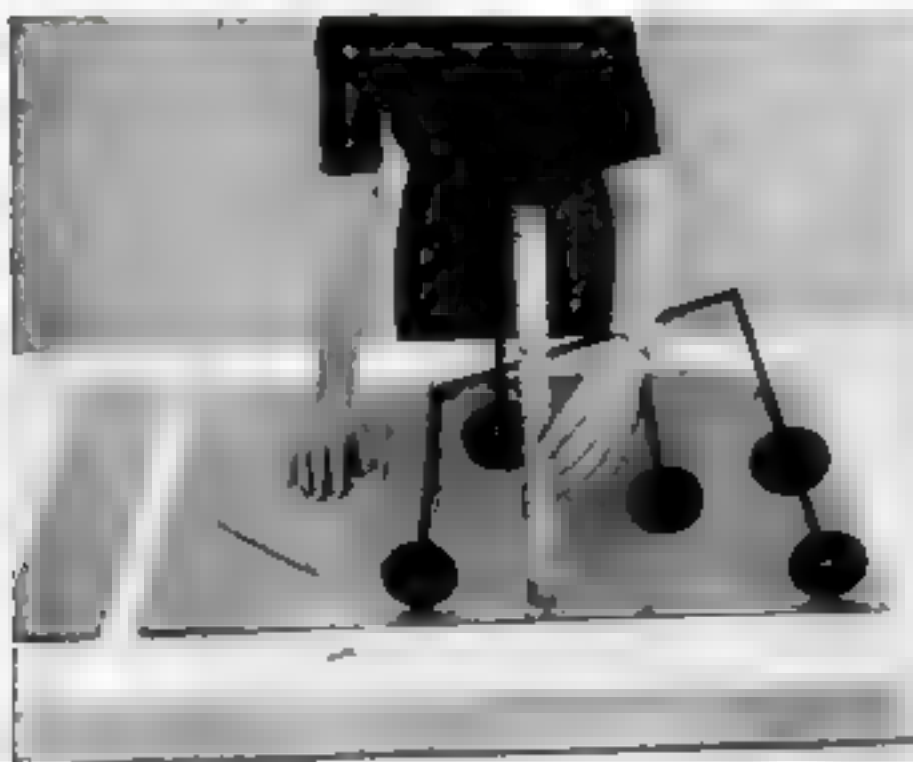
One has been in the core of one religion.

It is all there, with all its human faults and its superhuman triumphs, and one fully realizes, perhaps for the first time, that Christianity did not strike its first root at Rome or Canterbury or Geneva or Maynooth, but here in the Levant where everything is inextricably mixed and nothing is assimilated. In the Levant there works an alchemy the very reverse of the American melting pot. Different races and creeds jostle one another for centuries and their diversity becomes only the more accentuated. Our Lord was born into a fiercely divided civilization and so it has remained. But our hope must always be for unity, and as long as the Church of the Sepulchre remains a single building, however subdivided, it forms a memorial to that essential hope.

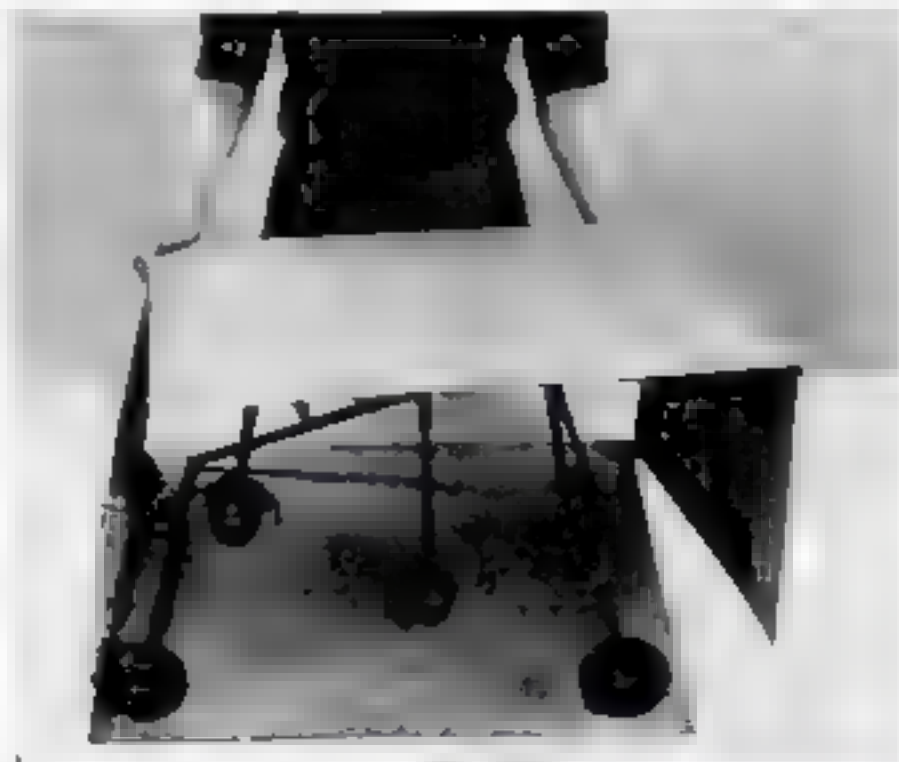


SERVICES GO ON in church buttressed by girders → because the nations cannot agree on reconstruction.

HOW TO MAKE A BOX



TRIM CARDBOARD on three sides to fit object, leaving an extra inch allowance. Measure height of



object, allow for it on cardboard at left. Score fold with razor blade, bend up. Make identical piece, bend



the flap down. Place over object, secure corners with gummed tape. Cut and tape top and bottom pieces.

HOW TO WRAP THEM

By using the right props and a few basic rules even odd-shaped gifts can be packaged prettily

Considering the amount of money the U.S. spends on fancy Christmas paper, ribbons, tape, seals, tags, boxes—\$70 million is the estimate for this year—it will pay the family wrapper to learn how to use them skillfully. First requisite for making neat packages is an uncluttered work surface, preferably not the floor or the bed. Next necessity is boxes to fit all the presents—only a few odd shapes lend themselves to being wrapped without boxing. If the right boxes are not available for all of the presents they can be made from corrugated cardboard to fit any shape no matter how large or strange. The simple steps in making a box are shown above; the same procedure is followed for a square or rectangle. How a cylinder is made is shown below; the same method is used in making any round container.

After the presents are all packed in suitable containers, wrapping them in decorative paper is easy if the two basic methods, demonstrated by Tie-Tie Co. on these pages, are learned. If the box or cylinder is too large for one sheet of paper, tape together, on the underside, two sheets of paper, or however many are needed, before beginning to wrap. Heeding instructions for measuring saves paper, makes trimmer packages. Always secure the paper at the corners of the box or at the round ends, and down the middle with tape or seals while wrapping. Ribbon is added for charm, should not be expected to hold the paper in place. Bows (*bottom, opposite page*) should be made separately, attached to the ribbon on the package. Trying to tie a bow right on the box is far more difficult.



PROPER CHRISTMAS WRAPPING BEGINS WITH LARGE CLEAR WORK SPACE.

HOW TO MAKE AND WRAP A CYLINDER



CIRCLE OBJECT with the corrugated cardboard (*left*), cut to fit with two-inch overlap and extra inch

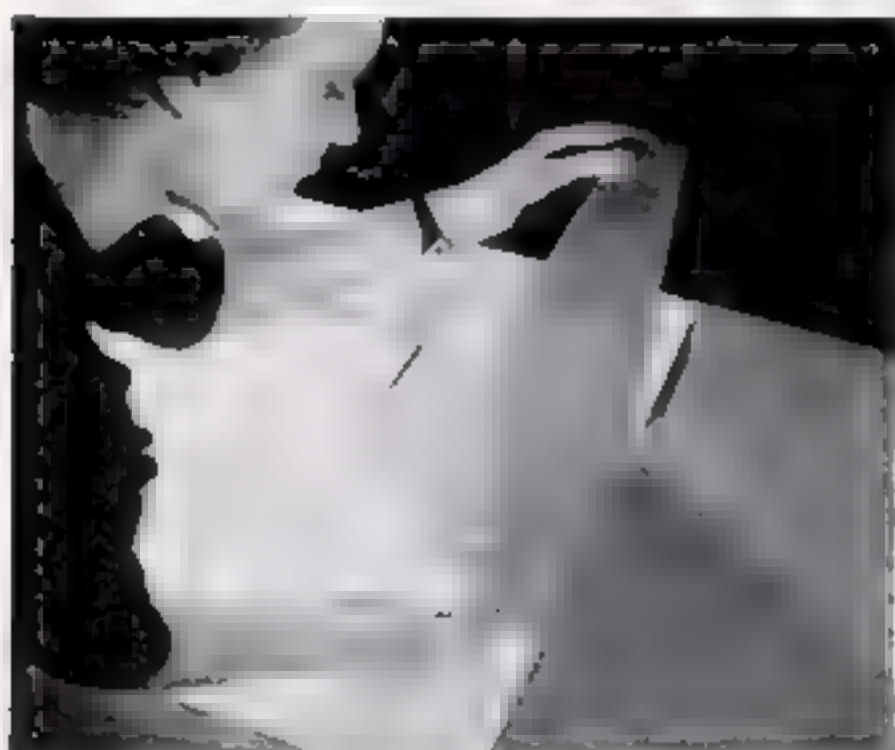


at top and bottom. Secure with tape. Cut circles for top and bottom, tape securely to cylinder. To wrap



round box (*right*), circle with paper. At ends, make V fold, then pleat paper clockwise and seal in center.

HOW TO WRAP A BOX



MEASURE EDGE of box on paper (left). Allow box to fall flat and cut paper along edge. Measure



paper around box (middle), allow two-inch overlap. Center box on paper and there is exactly enough to



make ends fold in tidily. Miter corners, bring under edge of paper up over top edge. Secure with tape.



CORRUGATED CARDBOARD, RIBBON OF VARIOUS KINDS, PAPER AND TAPE SHOULD BE NEATLY ASSEMBLED. MAIN TOOLS ARE SCISSORS AND RAZOR BLADE

HOW TO MAKE BOWS



SIMPLE BOW is made with loops tied through middle with extra piece of ribbon. Tie bow to package.



"SPRING" BOW, large or small, is made by looping ribbon in graduated sizes. Tie the loops together.



CURLED RIBBON for bows is made by running edge of dull knife or scissors along cotton ribbon.





CLOWN'S NOSE WELCOMES KIDS TO BIG TOP (CBS-TV)

Life Tours the Children's TV Shows

THEY'RE AS FULL OF SURPRISES AS CHRISTMAS

To children, gathering around new TV sets at Christmas, the world of television will be as full of surprises as a Christmas stocking. It teems with puppets, animals and clowns with electrified noses (*above*). Its heroes clear the western prairies of villainy and, lately, have even begun to police the uncharted reaches of outer space (*below*). Such fun and adventure waiting at the turn of a dial pulls children away even from comic books and sits them before television sets an average of more than 20 hours a week. As a result of their staggering devotion, shows like *Howdy Doody* (*left*), which is seen every weekday by an audience of more than 6.5 million,

have proved commercially powerful almost beyond belief. One *Howdy Doody* premium offer drew over 750,000 letters, about 70 times more than President Truman gets on a major speech.

But to the dismay of both parents and educators, children's television varies in its quality as widely and sometimes as disastrously as adult shows. The most that can be said for many of the small fry programs is that they do no harm to a child. At their worst the shows mirror many adult shows in banality and vulgarity. At their best they are completely original and delightful. On these pages *LIFE* takes a tour of children's TV shows, looking at all kinds, good and bad.



← "IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME!" sing fans of the marionette show, led by Bob Smith (*right*). Tots take part and cheer the antics of Howdy and other marionettes named Flubadub, Mr. Bluster, Dilly-Dally.

IN OUTER SPACE, Tom Corbett, Space Cadet (*left*), gapes as friend zooms away when gravity machine is turned off. Program, on ABC-TV, has exhibit at New York's Gumbels outdrawing Santa Claus.



"MR. WIZARD," a fine educational show (NBC-TV), uses familiar objects to teach children the near-magic of science. Here Mr. Wizard demonstrates how a small amount of air pressure in a balloon can support two heavy coffee cups.

KIDS THEMSELVES PERFORM FOR KIDS

In the child's TV world children themselves often are performers, taking leading parts, shrilling out the commercials, watching as wonders of science are explained. In one of the less admirable shows, *Star Time*, where performers are from 4 to 13 years old, boys emulate Milton Berle and girls moan torchy lyrics which are—or should be—far beyond their understanding. As a result of experience on such programs, the 9-year-old shown below in sailor suit was hired to appear professionally on adult TV shows.

A happier participation show, *Kid Gloves*, was such a hit on a Philadelphia station that CBS-TV presented it on a 12-station network. Using gloves so soft they could not hurt, tots from 3 to 10 learned fellowship, sportsmanship

and self-defense in brief, amusing bouts. But, after 26 weeks, the show had failed to attract a sponsor and the network dropped it.

On any show, sponsors like to have children in the audience sing their commercial jingles. Producers consider this a most important sales technique because it fixes their products' names indehly in children's minds. "And parents," one of them believes, "are delighted because the kids are learning a song."

One enormously successful and consistently fine children's program is entirely unorthodox, *Zoo Parade* (below), featuring chimpanzees instead of child prodigies and pythons instead of puppets. In the last year *Zoo Parade* has increased its audience of 1.4 million to 6.3 million.



"ZOO PARADE," one of best animal shows (NBC-TV), brings animals from the Chicago Lincoln Park Zoo before TV cameras. Along with familiar beasts such as chimpanzees Marlin Perkins (right), director of the zoo, introduces odd animals like hyraxes, flying foxes, barking frogs.



ACTING THEIR AGE, tots trade blows on *Kid Gloves* for WCAU in Philadelphia. CBS gave up show.



ACTING LIKE ADULTS, tots from 4 to 13 show Milton Berle influence as they strut on *Star Time*.



SINGING COMMERCIALS and eating sponsor's candy, kids join in act of *Magic Clown* (NBC-TV).



STRONG MAN, 9-year-old Paul Oudinot, holds his brother and sister aloft on *Grand Chance Roundup*, which, temporarily off the air, will be revived in January under a different name. Kids compete for prize of a week's work at Hamd's Steel Pier in Atlantic City.



EDUCATIONAL CASUALTY. *Musical Playtime* (WNBT), taught differences between instruments, died, said network, when show "ran out of instruments" for kids to study.



DRAMATIC CASUALTY. Paul Tripp's *Mr. I. Magination* (CBS-TV), took kids on fictional adventures, won awards as finest show of its kind, was dropped after sponsor quit.



THE SPECIAL CASE

Although there is continual public muttering about the quality of children's TV shows on the air, the great fuss has been raised recently over shows which have either gone off the air or been shortened. Because young audiences are comparatively inarticulate, many good programs are dropped without public incident. But last month there was a historic outcry when the National Broadcasting Company cut Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* from a half hour to 15 minutes daily. In one week 3,000 letters protesting the truncation of the show poured into the network. The *New York Times* ran letters full of spluttering rage. "Who are the myopic numskulls with more authority than brains who would cram more baggy-pants comics, so-called, plunging necklines, horse operas and feeble crooners down our long-suffering gullets?" "The frustration of knowing what's right and looking at what's wrong—does this have to continue?" "NBC seems intent on taking away anything literate they may have stumbled onto in their early days." Playwright Robert E. Sherwood protested to NBC "the mutilation of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. . . . The loss of this rare and remarkable program would be a calamity." Other fans offered to start a public sponsorship fund to preserve the half-hour format.

The reasons for dropping the *Kuklapolitans* are complicated by the economics of telecasting and the intricacies of network management. Despite the program's undeniable artistic excellence, it has not had a consistent commercial appeal to its sponsors. Advertising men give a variety of reasons for this. One is the odd fact that its audience is split approximately 60% into adults and 40% into youngsters from 4 to 10 years old—a difficult sales target for advertisers. Another is the fact that the program's novelty has worn off, although it is still extremely popular. A third is the youth and experimental aspect of the television industry in which sponsors do a great deal of shopping among various shows. Since it first went on network in 1948, *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* has had a succession of sponsors including RCA, Sealtest, Ford, National Biscuit, Pontiac, Procter & Gamble and LIFE. Today only National Biscuit and RCA remain.

In the midst of the *Kuklapolitan* turmoil it was announced that the sponsor had removed from TV another outstanding children's program, the Sunday afternoon *Gabby Hayes Show*, which dramatizes U.S. history. Surveying such developments—and lamenting the passing of *Mr. I. Magination* (left)—*New York Times* Critic Jack Gould wrote, "An advertiser understandably may want to reach only the largest possible audience, but a broadcaster . . . has many different obligations, among them serving the minority. Without continuing efforts to that end the broadcaster's concept of majority rule in programming is only an illusory jest and a form of cultural totalitarianism. . . . Television cannot afford to forget the experience of radio, which carried worship of ratings and polls to such an extreme that it finally had to go out and buy audiences with the cash of giveaway shows."



PUPPET WORLD of Kukla, Fran and Ollie comes alive in TV studio as the flesh-and-blood Fran Allison chats and sings with her tiny colleagues. At top of the placard at right is a sketch of Burr Tillstrom, who created the puppets.

OF KUKLAPOLITANS



FAMILY PORTRAIT of some key Kuklapolitans shows Burr Tillstrom with Kukla on his right hand and the dragon Ollie on his left, embracing Fran Allison.

SECRET OF A REALLY DRY MARTINI

Smirnoff

the greatest name in VODKA

So smooth it leaves you BREATHLESS

Smirnoff Vodka has been honored for excellence by the courts of old Imperial Russia, Sweden, Italy and Spain. No other Vodka is made by the original closely guarded SMIRNOFF process. No other Vodka has its superbly delicate flavor.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD SINCE 1818 • 80 OR 100 PROOF
MADE FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS., INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

(Advertisement)





SALVAGE:

It helped, too

SEEMS only yesterday you were first asked to save your tin cans, and fat, grease and waste paper. And plant victory gardens and support the USO and be careful about Forest Fires.

Asking you to do all these things was an organization called the Advertising Council, an independent non-profit organization dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. It was born just ten years ago during the first dark days of World War II. When the government needed aid in mobilizing the home front, businessmen offered their services. They formed the Advertising Council as a special "task force" to show you how you could help.

And you responded.

Remember the Treasury's War Bond Drive? You answered that call—and were among those who invested millions in bonds.

You didn't stop there. You've kept the emblem of the Advertising Council a sign of achievement by your continued support of the Council's campaigns for Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chest, Red Cross, better schools, Civil Defense and elimination of group prejudice.

This marks the Council's Tenth Anniversary—ten years in which you have given time and money and energy to help get these big things done. The Advertising Council, representing American business, is ready to accept the challenge of the future, knowing it can depend on you.

This advertisement is contributed by LIFE as a public service



You and your neighbors have acted on these magazine advertisements, now own \$35 billion worth of Defense Bonds, and are continuing to buy millions more.



Enroll now in a School of Nursing **CAN BE**

More than 418,000 young women met the drastic need for nurses described in advertisements like this for which space was contributed by newspapers and other media.



What YOU Can Do . . . MUST Do
To Ease the Critical Iron and Steel Scrap Problem

When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help make that need known.



The posters you see along the thoroughfares and in your busses and trains often carry messages in the public interest—a reminder to send a CARE package abroad, a plea for better schools, or a warning about traffic accidents.



The house magazines of hundreds of leading companies carry ads like this regularly to remind us all that the better we produce the stronger we grow.



from LIFE, January 3, 1949, by William J. Sumits

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE...

Perhaps you have a secret place you sometimes think about. You may never have seen it; you may never have been there, but you know it exists. It is always hard to describe, even though it seems so clear in imagination.

Such a secret place is this corner of Scotland where tipsy Tam O'Shanter nearly got caught by the witches. As in dreams, the old-world bridge seems to

lead nowhere, the gentle river flows everlastingly on. Perhaps through the mist the tinkle of cowbells comes. It is a faraway place that few people ever see.

It is good to know that there really is such a scene in the world. It is pleasant to reflect how clearly the camera can bring to stay-at-home eyes this bit of reality that corresponds with somebody's secret scenes.

... to see life ... to see the world ... to eyewitness great events

LIFE



season's best
CORONET brandy
 for lighter, more cheerful highballs

Write today for Coronet's free recipe booklet, "29 ways to use Coronet V.S.Q." Brandy Dist. Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1.

California Grape Brandy 84 proof.

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Merriest Christmas
any smoker can have—
CHESTERFIELD mildness
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*Buy the beautiful
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